The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 168. Vol. XXVIII. Subscription rate 8s. per annum post free. | SEPTEMBER, 1905. | Price Sixpence. Published Monthly.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 179

WHOLESALE REPORTS OF THE BOOKSELLING TRADE 182

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY 184

THE READER–
The Work of Mr. Maurice Hewlett. By A. Macdonell 185
"The Bookman" Prize Competitions 189
Goldwin Smith. By Frank Yeigh 191
The Date of Knox's Birth. By D. Hay Fleming 193
The Choice of Books: Leigh Hunt. By Ranger 196
Questionings. By Sydney Hesselrigge 198

NEW BOOKS–
Madame D'Arblay. By J. H. Lobban 199
A Veteran Anthropologist. By Edward Clodd 200
Some Garden Books. By Gertrude Jekyll 200
Barabbas at Bay. By A Publisher's Reader..... 202
A Master of Dialectic. By W. R. Sorley 204
La Petite Bretagne. By Henry Bernard 205
Indian Love. By R. Garnett... 206
Wagner and Mathilde Wesendonck. By Lewis Melville... 206
The Great Charter. By C. Grant Robertson 208
Bulgarian Folk-Songs. By A. St. John Adcock..... 209
Another Stevenson Reprint. By L. G. Brock..... 209

NOVEL NOTES–
A Jay of Italy—Red o' the Feud—Sturmsee—Cloclo—A Marriage in Burmah — Hugh Rendal — Saint Elizabeth of London — Lohengrin — At the Sign of the Fox—His Mascot—Alton of Somasco 210-212

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE–
Grammar of Greek Art—Wild Flowers, Wayside and Woodland Blossoms—The Scenery of London—Natural History in Zoological Gardens—Parisians Out of Doors..... 212

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ... 213

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 214

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The forthcoming new "Life of Mary Queen of Scots," by Mr. T. F. Henderson, will be of great interest pictorially, as well as from a literary standpoint. Great care has been taken in the choice of the pictures, and we believe that no other book on the subject has brought together so large a number of authentic portraits. The two volumes will contain close on a hundred full-page illustrations.

Of Indian princes, none is better known in England than H.H. The Raja-I-Kajgan Jagatjit Singh of Kapurthala, K.C.S.I., whose new book of "Travels in China, Japan, and Java" will be published immediately by Messrs. Hutchinson. This is not the first volume from his pen. Twelve years ago, at the early age of twenty-one, His Highness published a volume of travel sketches in Europe and America.

We understand that Mr. Alexander Innes Shand has completed a volume of reminiscences, which will be published very soon by Messrs. Constable.

Another interesting book of literary recollections is promised by Messrs. Hutchinson. It is entitled "In the Sixties and Seventies: Impressions of Literary People and Others," and is by Miss Laura Hain Friswell, daughter of the author of "Gentle Life" and many well-known books. The names recalled are very interesting. They include Gladstone, Disraeli, Dickens, Swinburne, Du Maurier, Kingsley, Trollope, Artemus Ward, etc., etc.

Mr. Lionel Portman's story of school life, "Hugh Rendal," has had a remarkable success. The author, we understand, is a nephew of Viscount Portman. He has been taken to task by many reviewers for selecting a title which, but for the final "l," is intimately connected with three of the largest public schools. And yet this is a mere coincidence. The original title of the book was "Hugh Rivers."

Colonel Hugh Wodehouse Pearse, of the East Surrey Regiment, has completed an interesting book of Anglo-Indian memoirs. It will be called "The Hearsey Family," a family famous for careers of picturesque adventure. That Colonel Pearse is an adept at this sort of work was proved by his fascinating life of Colonel Gardner. The book will be published shortly by Messrs. Blackwood.

Messrs. Blackwood have also another book on hand dealing with some phases of Indian life from an unconventional point of view. The writer, Mr. A. C. Newcombe, I.C.S., has an extensive knowledge of the country, and the chief interest of the book is that it is free from any military or political obsession.

The marvels achieved by Mr. Kearton in his photographic studies of animals are, we understand, eclipsed by the results of Herr Schilling's recent travels in

From "William Hogarth," by Professor G. Baldwin Brown.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Walter Scott, Ltd.)

Equatorial East Africa. By the skilful disposal of bait, he has been able to snapshot all manner of big game, not only by day but by flashlight, as they left their lairs at night. The pictures are unique, and the book has achieved a sensation in Germany unequalled since the publication of Nansen's "Furthest North." An English translation will be issued by Messrs. Hutchinson.

We understand that Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, one of Reuter's correspondents in the Far East, will publish shortly his narrative of the siege of Port Arthur.

R. L. Stevenson.
(Reproduced for the first time by kind permission of Mr. H. Walter Barnett.)

Mr. D. C. Lathbury, formerly editor of *The Guardian* and *The Pilot*, has completed a monograph on Dean Church, which will be issued immediately as one of Messrs. Mowbray's series, "Leaders of the Church, 1800-1900."

A new and thoroughly revised edition of "Brown's Forester"—the well-known standard authority on the subject—is promised immediately by Messrs. Blackwood. As in the case of the sixth edition, the revision has been carried out by Dr. John Nisbet, late Conservator of Forests, Burma.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell has achieved an immediate success with his new novel, "Vivien," which promises to be one of the most popular books of the year.

A new novel by Mr. R. K. Weekes, entitled "The Face of the Cards," will be published immediately by Messrs. Harper.

Mr. Percy FitzGerald's long-expected "Life of Dickens as Revealed in his Writings" will be published during the month. Mr. FitzGerald claims that none of Dickens s surviving friends is in a position to write so intimate an account. "During the past thirty years or so Charles Dickens's image has been kept so vividly and so uninterruptedly in my memory that at this moment I see him as clearly, and hear the cadences of his flexible voice as distinctly, as though he were standing before me 'in his habit as he lived.' No one left so deep an impression; it was as indelible as that of some great performer whom we remember from our youth. . . . When Forster, in the third volume of the 'Life,' became somewhat scared by criticism, and suppressed himself a good deal, there was a serious loss. Again, the having been Forster's friend and protégé, perhaps the only one of the junior writers whom he admitted to his confidence, gives me yet another advantage."

The concluding two volumes of Mr. Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times" are now in the press, and will be published immediately by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. In addition to bringing his history down to the date of the King's accession, Mr. McCarthy makes a retrospective survey of the Victorian era, noting the changes it witnessed in literature, life, art, and science. Another feature of interest is the treatment of the personal characteristics of the chief political and social celebrities of recent years.

A second impression of Mr. Swinburne's new novel, "Love's Cross-Currents," has already been called for.

A companion volume to Sir Walter Besant's "Westminster" will shortly be published on the subject of Charing Cross. The Adelphi, Piccadilly, Whitehall, Leicester Square, and St. James's Square have all been accorded detailed historical treatment, but in "Charing Cross and its Immediate Neighbourhood" Mr. J. Holden Macmichael has found an historic district, which for literary purposes is almost virgin soil.

A new novel by Mr. A. Perrin, author of "East of Suez," will be published during the next few weeks. It is entitled "The Waters of Destruction," and turns on an interesting phase of Anglo-Indian life. Solitude drives a young English official into marriage with a Hindu girl-widow, and the crisis is reached in his temptation to repudiate the marriage when he returns home and loves a girl of his own people.

We understand that the second volume (H to Z) of "A Dictionary of the Drama," by the late Mr. W. Davenport Adams, will be issued shortly. As the author explained in the preface to the first volume, which was issued last year, only a few weeks before his death, the entire book had by that time gone to press under his own supervision.

The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Crabbe's birth is to be celebrated at Aldeburgh, Suffolk, on September 16th. An interesting programme has been drawn up to cover three days. Mr. Clement K. Shorter will lecture on "Crabbe's Place in English Literature." Special tickets will be issued from London by the Great Eastern and the Great Western Railways.

Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Sacred and Profane Love," though the scene is partly laid in the Five Towns, which he has made so familiar, will be something of a new departure for him. The story is divided into three episodes; in the Five Towns, in London, and in Paris; the theme of all three being a study of romantic passion.

"The Dreams of Simon Usher" is the title of Mr. Algernon Gissing's new novel, which Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish immediately.

We understand that Mrs. Campbell Praed's new story of Australian bush life makes picturesque use of the wreck of the *Quetta*, which foundered off Thursday Island in February, 1889. The novel will be entitled "The Lost Earl of Ellan."

Mr. Owen Nisbet, the author of "The Virginian," has completed a new love-story dealing with the relations of a young Southerner and "Lady Baltimore." We understand that Messrs. Macmillan will issue the novel during the autumn.

The Welsh coal-fields are the scene of Mr. Joseph

Mrs. Chan Toon.
Author of "A Marriage in Burmah."
Photo Elliott & Fry.

Keating's forthcoming novel, "Maurice." The author of "The Son of Judith" has a unique knowledge of the Welsh colliers, and has always been attracted by the unconscious heroism of their life.

The Baroness Orczy's new novel, "The Beloved of the Gods," will be published immediately. It is said to be a tale of adventure, something in the Rider Haggard vein.

We have to thank Mr. Will Cadby for permission to reproduce his study of Mr. Maurice Hewlett. The

Photo Mansell. **Lady Blessington.**
From "Some Famous Women of Wit and Beauty," by John Fyvie.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe.
Author of 'Red o' the Feud."

cover of this number of THE BOOKMAN is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons.

By the courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., we are enabled to reproduce a number of illustrations from the sumptuous new edition of Madame D'Arblay's Diary and Letters.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

JULY 20TH TO AUGUST 19TH, 1905.

A glance at any of our large railway stations during the past weeks would have indicated to a nicety the extent of the literary demand likely to be experienced; indeed it would have been possible to go a step further, for not only would it reveal the extent of the demand, but at the same time would have clearly pointed to the class of literature which has formed the staple article of trade. During the bustle and commotion of holiday making, more especially in such charming weather, mental exertion of any kind is avoided, and the scrappiest and lightest of reading is in vogue.

Such a period following upon an already quiet year has doubtless proved the more noticeable.

The 6s. novel has not been numerous in output, but although the public have favoured fiction of a cheaper class, several of the recent issues have, notwithstanding, attracted a goodly circle of readers. The most prominent of these items have been "Vivien," "The Image in the Sands," "A Jay of Italy," and "Hugh Rendal." "Love's Cross Currents," "The Fool Errant," and "A Lost Cause," together with several other volumes, have also been in frequent request.

The need throughout the country districts for sanitary and well-built cottages at a reasonable cost is undoubtedly urgent, and the recent exhibition has, whilst attracting considerable attention in the press, called forth several works dealing with the subject, of which "How to Build or Buy a Country Cottage and Fit it up" has been the most successful.

"The Grand Slam," by "Revoke," being a humorous skit on the laws and principles of the game of Bridge, has proved a decided hit.

Guide books and pocket maps have moved freely, whilst the cheaper edition of "The Norfolk Broads," by W. A. Dutt, coming at an opportune time, sold readily.

Wallace's History of Russia has continued to be in request, but the foremost volume in connection with the war in the East has been "An Eye-Witness in Manchuria," by Lord Brooke.

"Idle Ideas in 1905" has evidently jumped with the public taste during the holidays, for it has again formed the leading line at 3s. 6d.

Amongst other items which have enjoyed a measure of success, "The Lady Fanshawe Memoirs" and "Some Famous Women of Wit and Beauty" deserve mention.

Sixpenny reprints have, of course, been much in evidence, and the sales in assorted numbers have been very large throughout the whole of the month, whilst the more favourite of the magazines and periodicals have been conspicuously prominent during the holiday season.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand throughout the month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

Vivien. By W. B. Maxwell. (Methuen.)
An Image in the Sands. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)
Fool Errant. By M. Hewlett. (Heinemann.)
A Jay of Italy. By B. Capes. (Methuen.)
Alix of the Glen. By Curtis Yorke. (Long.)
Hugh Rendal. By L. Portman. (Alston Rivers.)
The Game. By Jack London. (Heinemann.)
A Lost Cause. By Guy Thorne. (Long.)
Behind the Throne. By W. Le Queux. (Methuen.)

Love's Cross Currents. By A. C. Swinburne. 6s. net. (Chatto.)
Idle Ideas, 1905. By J. K. Jerome. 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Norfolk Broads. By W. A. Dutt. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Grand Slam. By "Revoke." 1s. net. (Simpkin.)
How to Build a Country Cottage. By "Home Counties." 6s. net. (Heinemann.)
Russia. By Sir D. M. Wallace. Two vols. 24s. net. (Cassell.)
An Eye-Witness in Manchuria. By Lord Brooke. 8vo. 7s. 6d. (Nash.)
Fanshawe (Lady) Memoirs. 5s. net. (Lane.)
Some Famous Women of Wit and Beauty. By J. Fyvie. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)
Guide-Books, Maps, etc.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
July 22—Very quiet.
" 29—Quiet in home trade. Export brisk.
August 5—Slightly busier.
" 12—Again very quiet.
" 19—No improvement.

(2) SCOTLAND.

JULY 20TH TO AUGUST 19TH, 1905.

It is always expected that during the great holiday month business should be dull except in the usual haunts of the pleasure-seeker and tourist. Of course there were the customary demands for guide books, and every handbook of a descriptive character and literature in cheap form suited to railway and steamboat travelling were very conspicuous. Indication of steadier business was noticeable in orders received for school text books as educational establishments prepared for a new session, and the keenness exhibited by some of our leading publishers to gain a footing in this department of trade was generally commented upon.

Interest in great movements, such as the Russian-Japanese War and the anticipations of a General Election, could not escape notice, and was evidenced by the sales of Lord Brooke's strange and stirring experiences published under the title of "An Eye-Witness in Manchuria" and the handbook issued by the Scottish Liberal Association, "Current Politics."

As an excellent souvenir for those visiting "Abbotsford," Messrs. Black's beautiful book under that title, edited by the Rev. W. S. Crockett, proved acceptable; golfers continued to be attracted to Vardon's standard work on the game, and those interested in nature study were charmed by the second series of Mr. Step's "Wayside and Woodland Blossoms."

No great 6s. novel came to hand, but the six most popular in libraries were "Mrs. Alemere's Elopement," by C. Marriott; "Alix of the Glen," by Curtis Yorke; "A Jay of Italy," by B. Capes; "The Parish Nurse," by M. E. Mann; "Behind the Throne," by W. Le Queux; and "Red o' the Feud," by H. Sutcliffe.

For travelling purposes the sixpenny and shilling novel moved off in large quantities, and no wonder, when in cheap form such excellent novels as the following could be procured at so small a price:—At sixpence, "John Chilcote," by Mrs. Thurston; "Vultures," by H. S. Merriman; "House Under the Sea," by M. Pemberton; "The Death Whistle," by R. Marsh; and at one shilling the famous novel "The House with the Green Shutters," by G. Douglas Brown.

Although more suited for the Christmas season, orders were received for Jack's "Told to the Children" series of story books, and the demand for each volume of Nelson's Classics as it appeared was as brisk as ever.

Magazine sales were, as usual at this season, very large, and most of the popular monthlies passed early out of print. For the first numbers of "Fannie Eden's Penny Stories," the latest venture by the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., there was an extraordinary demand, which is likely to continue.

The following is our usual list of best selling books:—

Six Shilling Novels.

Mrs. Alemere's Elopement. By C. Marriott. (Nash.)
A Jay of Italy. By Bernard Capes. (Methuen.)
The Parish Nurse. By Mary E. Mann. (Methuen.)
Love's Cross Currents. By A. C. Swinburne. (Chatto.)
Alix of the Glen. By Curtis Yorke. (Long.)
A Lost Cause. By Guy Thorne. (Long.)
Behind the Throne. By W. Le Queux. (Methuen.)

Photo Wayland. **"Dum-Dum" (Captain John Kendal, R.E.)**

Will Warburton. By George Gissing. (Constable.)
Red o' the Feud. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Laurie.)
Fortune's Favourite. By Katharine Tynan. (White.)
Maid Margaret. By S. R. Crockett. (Hodder.)

Photo Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Bernard Capes.**
Author of "A Jay of Italy."

Miscellaneous.

An Eye-Witness in Manchuria. By Lord Brooke. 7s. 6d. (Nash.)
The House with the Green Shutters. By G. D. Brown. 1s. net. (Newton.)
John Chilcote. By Mrs. Thurston. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Wayside and Woodland Blossoms. By E. Step. 6s. net. (Warne.)
Cheap Dwellings. By Paul N. Hasluck. 1s. net. (Cassell.)
Told to the Children Series. 1s. 6d. net. (Jack.)
The Complete Golfer. By H. Vardon. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)
Abbotsford. By Rev. W. S. Crockett. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)
The Simple Life. By C. Wagner. 1s. net. (Isbister.)
Macmillan's Thin Paper Editions of the Works of Dickens, Scott, and Thackeray.

The Booksellers' Diary.

SEPTEMBER 5—OCTOBER 5.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

September 5th.

STEAD, ALFRED.—A Study of National Supremacy, 7s. 6d. net ..... (Lane)
ROBERTSON, W. GRAHAM.—A Year of Songs. Twenty Illustrations and Cover Design by Author. 5s. net (Lane)
BEACONSFIELD, EARL OF.—Henrietta Temple. Reprint in New Pocket Library. 2s. and 1s. 6d. net ..... (Lane)

September 6th.

MORE, E. ANSON.—A Captain of Men, 6s. ... (Alston Rivers)

September 7th.

HYATT, A. H.—The Pocket Richard Jefferies, 2s. and 3s. net (Chatto and Windus)
GIBSON, L. S.—The Freemasons, 6s. ... (Chatto and Windus)
FITZGERALD, PERCY.—Life of Charles Dickens. 2 vols. 21s. net ..... (Chatto and Windus)
FENN, G. MANVILLE.—So Like a Woman, 6s. (Chatto and Windus)
M'CARTHY, JUSTIN.—History of the Four Georges. Vol. I. St. Martin's Edition. 2s. and 3s. net (Chatto and Windus)

September 12th.

WERTHEIMER, PROF. EDWARD.—The Duke of Reichstadt (Napoleon II.), 16s. net ..... (Lane)

September 13th.

BRADFORD, C. S.—In Life's Byways, 3s. 6d....(Alston Rivers)

September 14th.

BURNS, ROBERT.—The Cottar's Saturday Night. Illustrated by A. S. Boyd. 6s. net ..... (Chatto and Windus)
PENNY, F.—Dilys, 6s. ..... (Chatto and Windus)
SWEET, A. E., and J. A. KNOX.—On a Mexican Mustang. Cheap Edition. 3s. 6d. ..... (Chatto and Windus)

September 20th.

EMANUEL, WALTER.—The Zoo. Illustrated by John Hassall. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Alston Rivers)

September 21st.

BENNETT, ARNOLD.—Sacred and Profane Love, 6s. (Chatto and Windus)
DEAKIN, DOROTHEA.—The Princess and the Kitchenmaid, 3s. 6d. ..... (Chatto and Windus)
PHILLIPS, REV. G. E.—The Extinction of the Ancient Hierarchy. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net ..... (Sands)

September 27th.

MITCHELL, E.—In Desert Keeping, 6s. ..... (Alston Rivers)

September 28th.

M'CARTHY, JUSTIN.—A History of Our Own Times. Vols. VI. and VII. 24s. ..... (Chatto and Windus)
PERRIN, ALICE.—The Waters of Destruction, 6s. (Chatto and Windus)

October 1st.

ELLIS, F. H. S.—A Royal Craft: Notes on the History and Progress of Printing ..... (A. B. Davis)

October 5th.

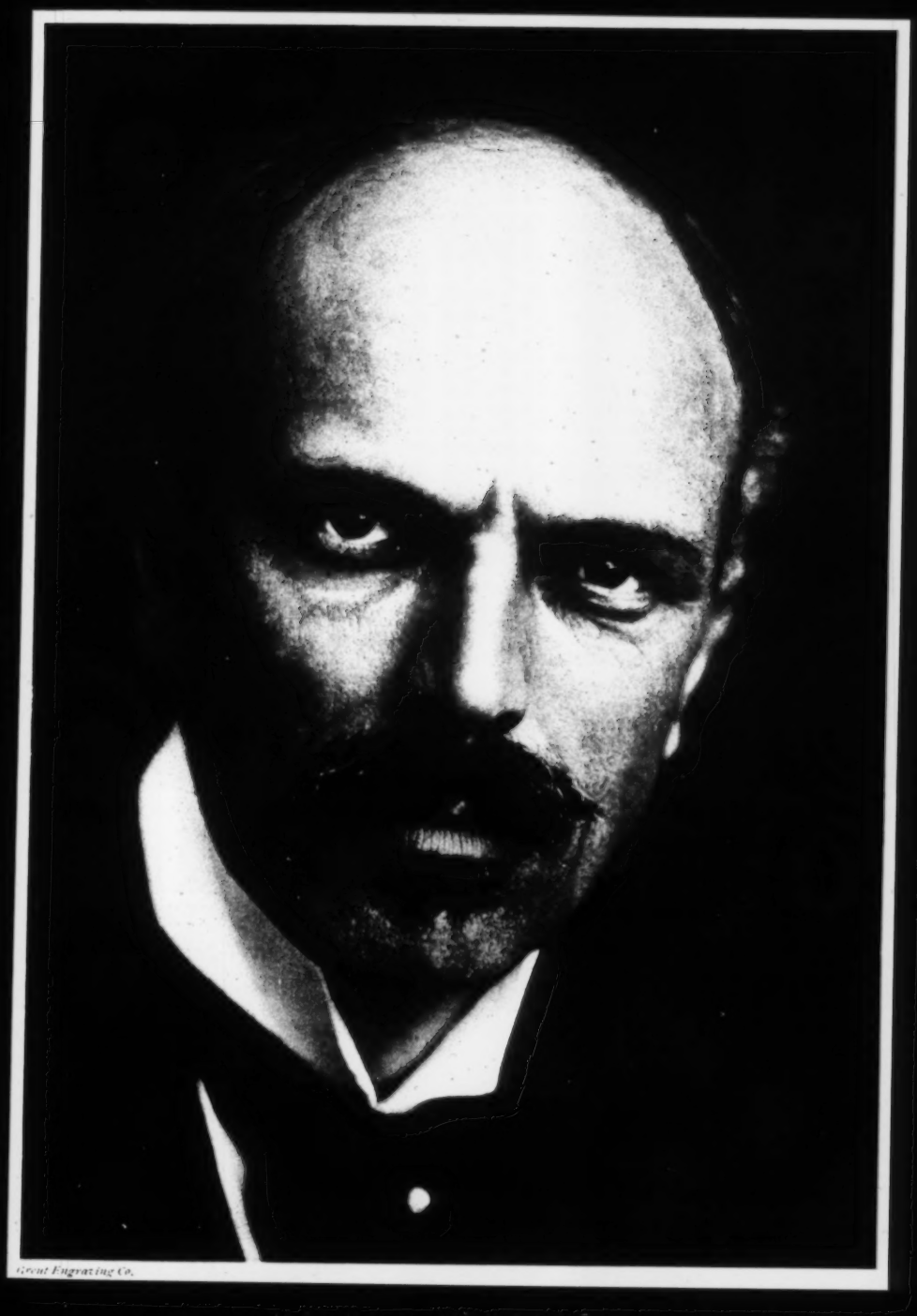
STONE, J. M.—Echoes of Court and Cloister, 12s. 6d. net (Sands)
KINLOCH, M. G. J.—A Chapter from Florence. A Book of Verse, with twenty Photogravure Illustrations. 6s. net (Sands)
EGGER, REV. J., S.J.—God and Human Suffering, 1s. 6d. (Sands)

October 6th.

HORNUNG, E. W.—A Thief in the Night, 6s. (Chatto and Windus)
BARR, ROBERT.—The Speculations of John Steele, 6s. (Chatto and Windus)
MORISON, R. C. H.—Chambers's Effective Reciter, 2s. 6d. (Chambers)
MEADE, MRS. L. T.—A Bevy of Girls, 6s. ..... (Chambers)
FENN, G. MANVILLE.—Shoulder Arms! 5s. ..... (Chambers)
MEADE, L. T.—Wilful Cousin Kate, 5s. ..... (Chambers)
MEADE, L. T.—Dumps: A Plain Girl, 3s. 6d. ... (Chambers)
OUTCAULT, R. F.—Buster Brown Abroad, 2s. 6d. net (Chambers)
ROBERTS, E. S., and E. A. GARDNER, M.A.—An Introduction to Greek Epigraphy. Part II. 21s. (Cambridge University Press)
WILKINS, A. S., Litt.D.—Roman Education, 2s. net (Cambridge University Press)
ADAMSON, J. W.—Pioneers of Modern Education, 1600-1700. 4s. 6d. net ..... (Cambridge University Press)
JEBB, SIR RICHARD.—Bacchylides: The Poems and Fragments, 15s. net ..... (Cambridge University Press)
HUTCHINSON, T.—Poetical Works of Shelley, 3s. 6d. Oxford Poets Series) ..... (Frowde)
EGERTON, H.—Patriotism: An Essay towards a Constructive Theory of Politics ..... (Allen)
PHILLIPS, DAVID GRAHAM.—The Cost, 6s. (Werner Laurie)

During the Month. Dates Uncertain.

TAYLOR, J. A.—The Life of Queen Henrietta Maria, 24s. net (Hutchinson and Co.)
FRISWELL, LAURA HAIN.—In the Sixties and Seventies, 16s. net ..... (Hutchinson and Co.)
SCHILLINGS, C. B.—With Flashlight and Rifle, 24s. net (Hutchinson and Co.)
COOLIDGE, EMELYN L., M.D.—The Mother's Manual. Cloth, 2s. 6d.; paper, 1s. 6d. ..... (Hutchinson and Co.)
WALKER, EMMA E., M.D.—Beauty through Hygiene. Cloth, 2s. 6d.; paper, 1s. 6d. ..... (Hutchinson and Co.)
Living Races of Mankind, 7d. net per part (Hutchinson and Co.)
British Trees. 1s. net per part ..... (Hutchinson and Co.)
HENDERSON, T. F.—Mary Queen of Scots, 24s. net (Hutchinson and Co.)
SHERARD, ROBERT H.—Twenty Years in Paris, 16s. net. (Hutchinson and Co.)
MOLLOY, FITZGERALD.—The Russian Court in the Eighteenth Century, 24s. net ..... (Hutchinson and Co.)
SANFORD, FRANK G.—The Art Crafts for Beginners, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Hutchinson and Co.)
MAHLER, DR. ARTHUR.—The Paintings of the Louvre, 6s. net ..... (Hutchinson and Co.)
KAPURTHALA, H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF.—My Travels in China, Japan, and Java, 1903, 12s. 6d. net (Hutchinson and Co.)
DE BREMONT, COMTESSE ANNA.—The Great Composers, 3s. 6d. ..... (Hutchinson and Co.)
BOSWELL, JAMES.—The Life of Samuel Johnson. Abridged and edited by Roger Ingpen. Lea. 2s. net, cl. 1s. net (Hutchinson and Co.)
MILES, ALFRED H.—Fifty-two Stories of Head and Heart for Boys, 5s. ..... (Hutchinson and Co.)
MILES, ALFRED H.—Fifty-two Stories of Head and Heart for Girls, 5s. ..... (Hutchinson and Co.)
MILES, ALFRED H.—Fifty-two Thrilling Stories of Life at Home and Abroad, 5s. ..... (Hutchinson and Co.)
STEVENS, FRANK.—Adventures in Pondland, 5s. (Hutchinson and Co.)
SHEPHEARD-WALYN, H. W.—Nature's Nursery, 5s. (Hutchinson and Co.)
MILES, ALFRED H.—The Bravest Deed I Ever Saw, 5s. (Hutchinson and Co.)
TAPPAN, EVA MARCH, Ph.D.—In the Days of William the Conquerors. (Makers of England Series.) 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson and Co.)
ARMOUR, R. C.—Oriental Fairy Tales, 2s. 6d. (Hutchinson and Co.)
CONYERS, DOROTHEA.—Cloth versus Silk, 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—Confessions of a Ladies' Man, 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)
GREEN, EVELYN EVERETT.—Dufferin's Keep, 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)
WEYMAN, STANLEY.—Starvecrow Farm, 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)
REYNOLDS, MRS. BAILLIE.—The Man who Won, 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)
GALLON, TOM.—Meg the Lady, 6s. ... (Hutchinson and Co.)
CURTIES, CAPTAIN.—The Idol of the King, 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)
M'CALL, SIDNEY.—The Breath of the Gods, 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)
GREY, ROWLAND.—Green Cliffs, 6s. ... (Hutchinson and Co.)
BURGIN, G. B.—The Devil's Due, 6s. ... (Hutchinson and Co.)
SERGEANT, ADELINE.—Reparation, 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)
REYNOLDS, MRS. FRED.—A Quaker Wooing, 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)
GODFREY, MRS. TOM.—The Marrying of Gwendoline Jane, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson and Co.)
EGERTON, GEORGE.—Flies in Amber, 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)
GARVICE, CHARLES.—Love the Tyrant, 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)
HARPER, VINCENT.—The Mortgage on the Brain, 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)



Grant Engraving Co.

THE READER.

THE WORK OF MR. MAURICE HEWLETT.

By A. Macdonell.

THE writers of to-day who play, with much credit, their parts of amusing and soothing us are astonishingly numerous. Their talent and energy, if sometimes accidentally directed to literature, is nevertheless undoubted. But if—along with the names of nine-tenths of them—the question comes up, "What do you think of the books of Mr. X, or Mr. Y., or Mrs. Z.?" the only rational answer must be, "We do not think of them at all. We send to Mudie's for them; we read them, and send them back again." Thinking is beside the question. They amuse; they soothe; they fill up the many gaps of time when we do not want to think.

But we think of Mr. Hewlett—now and then with anxiety as well as admiration, for he rouses antagonism by moments. It is part of his distinction. The antagonism is homage to a personality which has not died out or faded in the service of our vast book-making *fabrique*, where he has earned—in spite of this same personality—a favoured place. Instead of dying out, indeed, it becomes every year more vigorous, more aggressive, as if in protest against the timidities and the smoothnesses all about him. If you read him at all, indifference is impossible. You admire him, or you quarrel with him. You must do both, alternately. No one among the more recent writers is better worth an independent appreciation. The "boom" he needs not; and it is past the time for a non-committal *compte-rendu* of his work.

Mr. Hewlett's special outlook on life declared itself from the first. We knew him as inevitably a romanticist before he gave us "The Forest Lovers." We felt he would do something vigorous to put us out of love with drawing-room chatter or kail-yard babble; that whether in history, fiction, or drama, his imagination would work by preference on the great common issues of life, love and death, under their more heroic and adventurous aspects. The roads are various to the land of romance. Like many an Englishman before him, Mr. Hewlett took the one across the Alps, and among all the northern pilgrims of love whose shrine is Italy he will be remembered. Interpreters of Italy they are called sometimes. Italy is its own interpreter. Only Italian deeds, Italian art and poetry speak its heart. But the sincere pilgrim-lover, however alien, wins his insight; and Mr. Hewlett's "Earth Work Out of Tuscany" (1895) is a book of pure love and fine understanding. Into a kind of literature that Ruskin had hampered by irrelevant moral considerations, and Pater had made over-refined and anæmic, he breathed a wholesome pagan vigour altogether refreshing. He is not, and he never meant to be, a critic of Italian art in any serious sense; but he is one of the most sensible and agreeable of the lookers-on. He has looked-on at leisure, with the most unaffected and single-minded interest; and much of the charm of the lovely land he has transferred with delicate skill to his pages, which are none the less enlightening to us that he never forgets his detachment, never forgets that he is, what he is most emphatically, a man of the North. In "Earth Work Out of Tuscany" he has touched very sensitively some of the springs of Italian life. There is a rare and sweet wisdom in "A Sacrifice at Prato," and the incident of Imola and young Simon Baglione—the merest light fresco sketch—is romance in its perfection.

But his Italian studies laid traps for him. Perhaps light fresco sketches did not content his story-telling instinct. Or did the popularity of "The Forest Lovers" (1898) force him continuously to the rôle of story-teller, willy-nilly? Up and down Italian chronicle and literature are hosts of brief, vivid, dramatic allusions—five-act tragedies in a couplet, complex dramas in a phrase. And some vague tradition or rumour, of poet, or hero, or maiden, is always humming along the Italian air. Expand these, give them circumstance and detail at your peril. The *novelliste* had the art. But they attempted so little. Their touch was light; and they never probed beneath the surface. Mr. Hewlett has expanded some of these suggestions, allusions, and rumours into his "Little Novels of Italy" (1899). He has attempted more than the *novelliste*. His hand is heavier, his intention more serious. The man of the North, the man of sentiment has tried to enter into the soul of his subject. The effort is too visible. They remain studies, not novels. Yet they have won much praise. Perhaps they are taken as a course of culture. And, indeed, they have fine external literary qualities—being nearly as literary as the work of the late Mr. Pater. Only one thing necessary do they want—the thing Mr. Hewlett shows abundantly elsewhere—life. But not always has he failed while giving set form and circumstance to old Italian tradition. "Buondelmonte's Saga" in "Fond Adventures" (1905) is a masterpiece.

Pure romance, which I take to be the novel of circumstance—by preference the circumstance of love and war—rather than of character, owes a great deal to Mr. Hewlett. He found it made of cheap stuff, divorced from reality, and served by a band of fatally fluent and illiterate scribes. (For Stevenson's romance is of another order altogether.) All his intellectual force, all his training in art, all his reading of history, he devoted to revivifying what was well nigh dead. It was much; but he had another gift to give. It is the central fact about Mr. Hewlett that he is a poet. I am not referring to his "Songs and Meditations" (1896), though the volume contains one fine poem; nor to "The Masque of Dead Florentines" (1895), though it contains three excellent epigrams. But he is the author of "Pan and the Young Shepherd" (1898). In the imaginative literature of the last ten years I know nothing so fresh and so spontaneous as this pastoral. I think of it less as a book than as a flower, made out of the soil and the sun and the wind and the rain—a flower of the wild that would die of cultivation. With

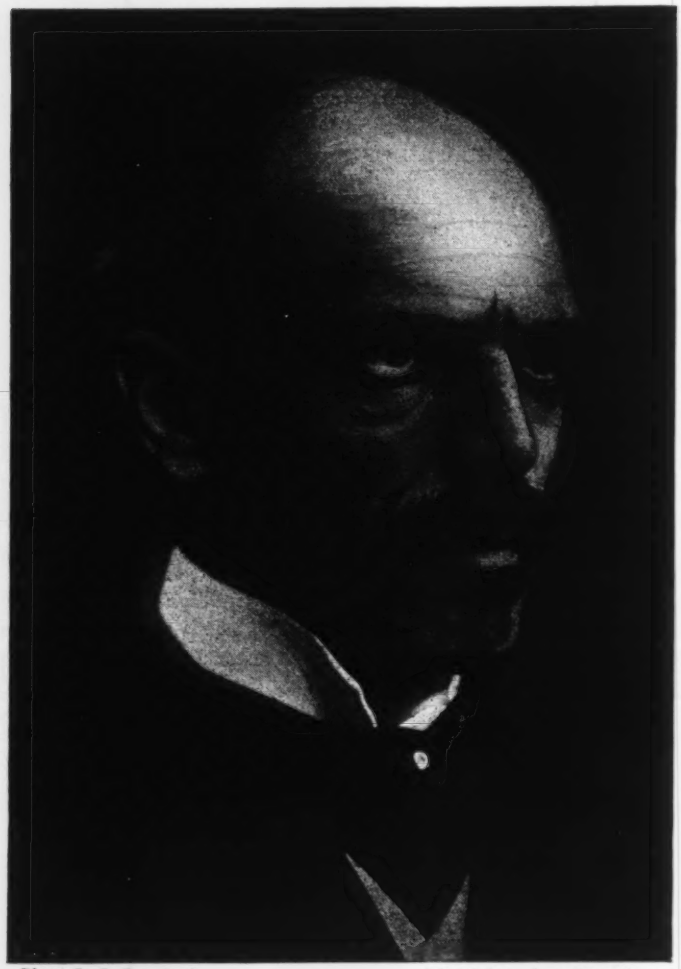


Photo G. C. Beresford. **Mr. Maurice Hewlett.**

a quick, true sense of its nature, Mr. Hewlett has given it no careful gardening. Frail it is to the sight, but sturdy of root. Wisdom has kissed it silently under the stars by night, and what it learnt then it breathes out in fragrance. It stands alone. You cannot tell whether it be the fruit of a lifetime of experience, or of one blest hour of happy inspiration; but hovering about it you feel that rare, capricious, unaccountable thing called genius. There is mystery in it, and earth-magic; there is excellent rustic fun and fooling. The Greek spirit is in it, and—I do not know how, but quite congruously—set to an English country-dance measure. There is a boy's love idyll in it as pure as a May morning, and there are hints of the dark secrets at the roots of life. Hear Pan speak of the lad Neanias, whom he has stricken as a rebel against fact:—

"When a man measures his eyes with God he must fail. The boy was bold, he was very bold. He fought with my hand, pricking against it with a boy's persistency, blubbering and sobbing in the forest. Not for pain or fear; no, but for very impotence of passion; panting his rage against the fixt and stedfast-sure: how he fought! Yet he anger'd me, and I stretcht out my hand and gript his shoulder-bones, and blew upon his eyes. Very quiet and very deep, a shudder ran down all his limbs; he grew white, and in his eyes swam the glaze of death, and of panic fear in the face of death. For a man clings to the earth for all his proud words; earth is all he knoweth. Pan is a terrible God. No need of words when the uailed limbs are rigid. I bound him not, but left him rooted to a tree-trunk, cloven with wild dread of the dark and the tongues of the forest; he and his little rebel, quailing too and shockt blind. I, Pan, strike suddenly with fear. My rage is quicker than a storm at sea: who may abide it? Well, let us judge of the old man's sheep. If I love men, I love sheep better."

Mr. Hewlett seems always haunted by the desire to show romance, poetic romance, as not made of rainbows and moonshine, not growing out of airy hanging gardens, a pretty, pleasant mirage in the desert sky of our common days, but as a plant of the soil our own feet tread, framed from the very clay ourselves are made of. Here at least he has shown how near akin is poetry to sternest and to homeliest natural fact. We smell the good brown common earth, and the plant springing out of it is Heart's Desire.

If "Pan and the Young Shepherd" stands alone, in form and inspiration—imperfect and unimprovable like all the happy things of Nature—it is still bound to the best that Mr. Hewlett has done elsewhere. For at his best he is the man of the out-of-door world. His descriptions of nature are of the few in modern novels that arrest you. He does not, like the greatest living master of the art, Mr. Hardy, make the moor and the forest and the meadow no mere background, but actors in the drama. Nothing of that in Mr. Hewlett. It is generally enough with him if natural circumstance and feature, the outdoor sights and sounds, the signs of the weather and the hour, fit themselves to a boy's blithe mood in the springtime. Not that they are slight things in his eyes, nor appear so in his pages. His love of them is joined to a quick eye for the configuration of a countryside and a conviction of the importance of this in the making of history and tale. The keen geographical sense is not the least notable thing in "The Road in Tuscany," and he uses it to excellent purpose in "Richard Yea and Nay." And to gauge the importance of this gift of description on its poetic side, you have only to think it away? What would be left of "The Forest Lovers" without it? Even "Richard Yea and Nay" would lose all its music and half its health. The scent of the greenwood is in his tales, and the glint of the stars. His landscapes are like those of the ballad-makers, and, gay or sad, they are always married to song. (Read again the half page or so that tells of Richard's night in the red ship *Trenchemer*.) And in his morning note he takes you straight back to Chaucer.

The writer of pure romance—the romance of circumstance, where events are the chief actors, and personages are mainly their weapons or their pawns—has no call to be a very subtle or comprehensive student of human nature. His types are limited

and generalised, and it is fatal to analyse them, to probe into the workings of their souls, or lay any stress on these. Mr. Hewlett's types are few. His favourite hero—if we keep Neanias apart—has animal spirits, with physical force and skill. He is combative, and, like Prosper le Gai, "loves his neighbour most sincerely when about to cut his throat." He does a deal of riding and fighting; and, if possible—in accordance with a good old tradition—must be accomplished, a singer or a scholar. Cœur de Lion, though he was something more than all this, served him well. The knight, the troubadour, the lover, the mad Angevin devil, made a combination after his own heart. True, he analysed him keenly, but the contradictions in his nature almost justified this; and of all the personages in Mr. Hewlett's gallery he comes nearest to a creation. The others are mainly generalisations, which play their parts excellently when he does not make a pother about laying bare and explaining their not at all complicated souls.

His heroines are three—the wife, the mother, and the courtesan. The wife—take Jehane as the type—is tremendously wifely. High-spirited she must be, that her later submission be the more apparent. Affectionate, of course, but not too fastidious in her affections. She can transfer them, always provided that their object may still be called "My lord." Motherhood assumes a very important place in Mr. Hewlett's stories; and I do not for a moment doubt that he approaches the subject in the most serious and sympathetic spirit. If only he would leave it alone! What is the matter with so many English writers of to-day that in their serious treatment of pure family affections, in their very eulogy of regular domestic relations, they should be more offensive than when they deal with the love that strays, a rebel, far bevond the hearth? I say English writers advisedly. Everyone knows the Frenchman's *culte* of *ma mère*. But I cannot think of any French writer who treats of the affectionate relations of mother and son otherwise than with simple dignity—just because this *culte* is the sincerest and the most natural fact in his life. One is tempted to think that with us the present-day laudation of motherhood is something exotic and insincere. But it is only sentimentality, the fatal Germanic want of reticence, the price so many English writers have to pay as soon as they grow articulate on the subject of the affections. Mr. Hewlett is not the first sinner in his morbid treatment of domestic relations. Mr. Meredith is far from free of the taint, and perhaps it was he gave this sickliness vogue. And Mr. Hewlett is far from being the worst. In "The New Canterbury Tales" (1901) he has made the Jewess Sornia morbidly jealous of the mother that bore Gervase. The fault of taste is bad enough. But he has not, like another writer of the day, committed the far worse offence of making a like jealousy of a boy's mother spring up in the breast of a man.

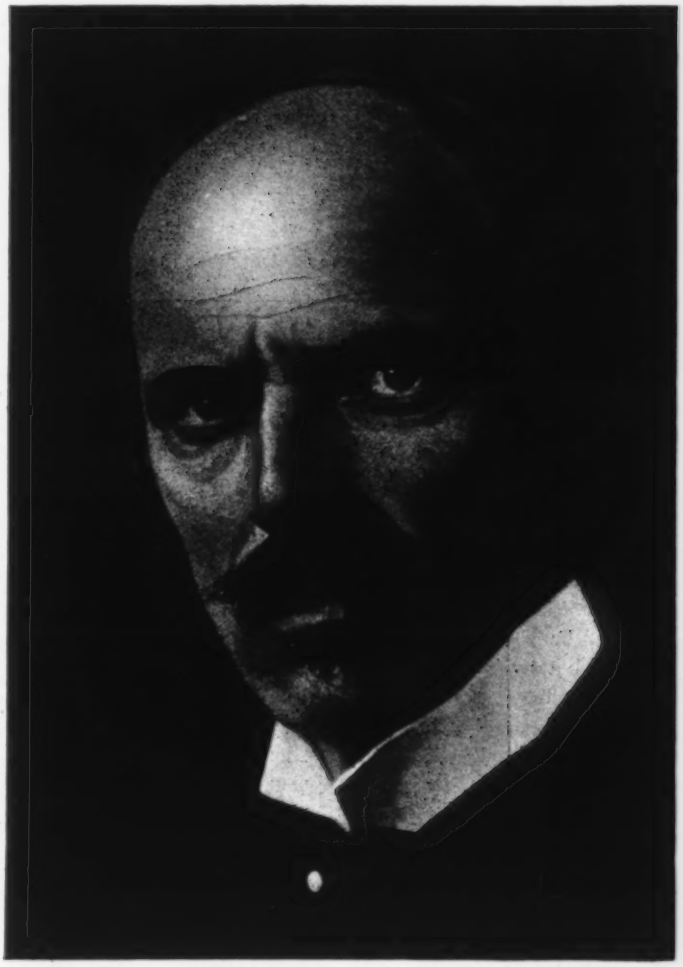


Photo G. C. Beresford. **Mr. Maurice Hewlett.**

Remains the lady who is neither, markedly, wife nor mother. Of course, there is Simonetta. But we turn instinctively to Mary. "The Queen's Quair" is a book of extraordinary vigour. It will have a life longer than most of the books of the day to testify to its author's ability, and also to his temperament—or rather to the temper of his soul in the year 1904. It has been called an unsympathetic misrepresentation of the Scotland of the Reformation days. That may be true or not. The time was itself most unsympathetic, and very hard to understand. Even a Scot may let the question pass, grateful for the good sense that made the author suddenly drop out of the tale the one great man of the time, as too difficult and dangerous to play with. Moreover, it is open to Mr. Hewlett, as it is to every imaginative writer, to read Mary as he likes, or as his inspiration bids him. A man may flout history for the sake of drama, or in the cause of chivalry—and we are not outraged. But if he present Mary as outraging our taste, and then on that very score demand our sympathy for her, he need not wonder that we rise in wrath. And history is just as handy as any other weapon to launch at him.

The Mary of fact may have been good or bad. She is a tragic figure. Good or bad, the outcome of her life was bound to be tragic. She was in the wrong land, and in the wrong time. Whatever she did, she

suffered with a suffering that has burnt out some stains from her record, as viewed by honest hearts. She must ever be one of the outstanding and pitiful figures of history, she who ought to have been one of the shining and the fortunate. I think she was incontestably a villain. With all her hot, capricious passions, she was cold-hearted and treacherous. But even as such she was better, not worse, than Mr. Hewlett knows—he who asks our sympathy for her. She was a Queen—a Queen who neglected and defied her duties, who at the best would have been a tyrant—but naturally a Queen. She was a woman of clear, cold, strong intellect, and of unusual cultivation. She had been bred in a bad school, the school of the Guises and of Catherine de Medici, the corrupt but entirely aristocratic Court of France. In her passions doubtless she stooped—but not to be the fawning, clawing, grovelling thing of "The Queen's Quair." She was a villain but she was not *canaille*.

Photo Will Cadby.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett.

Yet, after all, what has Mr. Hewlett done but voice the growing general sentimentality that Love justifies all? It sounds a fine and most Christian sentiment. But what does it mean? Regular love may be good or bad; and unauthorised love may be good or bad. It all depends on the quality. Why should we not be as fastidious about the quality of love as about the quality of sugar? When once again we have taken as a human as well as a divine precept

"Ordina quest'amore, tu che m'ami,"

there will be wide enough range for the artist's drama and for human charity to play in. It may include Mary Stuart. It will not include the Mary of "The Queen's Quair."

It seems that Mr. Hewlett in his latest book, "The Fool Errant,"* has been thought to have gone still farther on a dangerous road. An unaccountable review called it "Rabelaisian." The word has a terrible sound, especially as few dare find out what it means. Though it is almost impossible to imagine Mr. Hewlett Rabelaisian—you can as soon think of Mr. Barrie emulating Swift—yet one looked out for the dangerous traits—with some alarm, of course — and put one's self on one's guard. Rabelais! He and his spirit might never have been born into the world for all "The Fool Errant" has to do with them, or say to them. There is the faintest, but the very faintest echo of Scarron, may be, in one or two scenes, but Scarron, adapted, well, say, for the elder members of a most unexceptionable family. But if I understand "The Fool Errant" at all—I am not sure of this—I think Mr. Hewlett had therein a very wicked intent, that of satirizing the respectable travelling Englishman, he who will poke his nose into curious and by no means reputable places and occasions, yet maintains his rigid *tenue* all the time, enounces ever, in season and out of season, the most decorous of sentiments, and to guard his respectability and the integrity of his national sentiments and habits, is heroically ready to sacrifice anything and anybody not born under the divine dispensation of the same. One had hopes, as the story opened out, for an amus-

* "The Fool Errant." By Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Heinemann.)

ing example of the picaresque—but the picaresque is of course irreconcilable with the respectable Englishman. In spite of its imaginative form, it does not nearly equal, as a tale of wanderings, "The Road in Tuscany" (1904), made out of the author's own experiences and his studies in Italian history, literature, and art. A bold, high-spirited, combative, but stimulating book this last—by far the most readable I can think of among recent travel-books. All along the Tuscan roads he is the most vivacious of companions. He bullies you sometimes, but wearies you never. One thing more may be said of it, or hoped for it—that it may turn the tide against the ever increasing shoals of facile and flabby travel impressions. Any man's impressions, if sincere, are of value to himself. Only a great master's are of value to the rest of the world. Along the road let us seek humbly our own, and treasure them. But if we want entertainment from another by the way, let us ask of it of the story-teller, the map-maker, the poet. Mr. Hewlett will do excellently.

A hot and turbulent talent his, that, like most interesting things, refuses a neat and final summing up. Here his tune is as fresh as a lark's over the heather; and there we hear the morbid note that sicklies nearly all our modern work. His sins are sins of sentiment; but the intellectual and artistic parts of him are so strong that they must always be combatting these, and may at any moment be conqueror. There are very few today who write with such conscience and such skill. In proof, one could quote delightedly and at length from the two-thirds of "Richard Yea and Nay" that count, from "The Road in Tuscany," from "Earth Work," culling, too, from "The Forest Lovers" and the shorter tales. I have culled from "Pan and the Young Shepherd," and I almost regret it. As well pluck a petal from a hare-bell. And yet the petal shows something of the brave colour, and may serve to give some warrant to my conviction that out of the soil where that grew anything good may be looked for.

THE "BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1905.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the name of any author or book in the September number of THE BOOKMAN.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month is offered for the best list of twenty Historical Novels, each descriptive of a separate period of British History.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the best list of Six Subjects suitable for inclusion in the Syllabus of a Literary Society. The Subjects submitted must be of a general nature, and must not include the names of specific authors.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to make use of any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the best Shakespeare quotation has been gained by the Rev. H. F. POTTEN, White Abbey, Belfast.

SHRINES OF BRITISH SAINTS. By J. CHARLES WALL.

"Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go."
—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, V. i., 206.

From many good quotations received this month we append the following:—

THE NEW KNOWLEDGE. By Prof. R. K. DUNCAN.

"What impossible matter
will he make easy next?"—*The Tempest*, II. i., 88.
("Fhairshon," High Street, Nairn, N.B.)

FREE OPINIONS. By MARIE CORELLI.

"Marry, this is the short and the long of it."—*Merry Wives*, II. 2, 60.
(Miss M. ANTHONY, Thorn Park, Plymouth.)

LOVE'S CROSS CURRENTS. By A. C. SWINBURNE.

"These letters are of the second edition."—*Merry Wives*, II. 1, 78.

A MASTER OF CRAFT. By W. W. JACOBS.

"O these encounterers so glib of tongue,
That give a *coasting* welcome."
—*Troilus and Cressida*, IV. 5, 59.

PORTRAIT OF MISS GIRVIN, "THE YOUNGEST EDITOR IN LONDON."

"You are too young in this."—*As You Like It*, I. 1, 57.
(W. L., 48, University Avenue, Glasgow.)

WITH THE EYES OF A MAN. ESSAYS ON WOMAN. By H. BLAND.

"Oh, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread."
(E. H. COOPER, Tookenham Rectory, Wootton-Bassett.)

"Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts."
—*Henry VIII.*, III. 1, 58.
(Mrs. H. COOPER, Tookenham.)

A MASTER OF CRAFT. By W. W. JACOBS.

"You and your crafts! You have crafted fair!"
—*Coriolanus*, IV. 6.

DOLLY DIALOGUES. By ANTHONY HOPE.

"The miserable have no other medicine but Hope."
—*Measure for Measure*, III. 1.
(K. HUXLEY, College Green, Gloucester.)

THE JACOBS NUMBER OF "THE BOOKMAN."

"This was a venture, sir, that Jacob(s) served for;
Was this inserted to make interest good?"
—*Merchant of Venice*, I. iii., 95.

THE SKIPPER'S WOOING. By W. W. JACOBS.

"Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of 'Two Maids Wooing a Man.'"—*Winter's Tale*, IV. 3, 322.
(Miss JESSIE ANDERSON, 6, Lansdowne Crescent, Glasgow.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month for the best list of twenty reference books has

Photo Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Maurice Hewlett.**

been gained by W. L., 48, University Avenue, Glasgow.

Oxford Bible with Concordance.
Shakespeare's Works (lines numbered).
Who's Who?
McCarthy's History of Our Own Times.
Annandale's English Dictionary.
Cassell's French Dictionary.
Cassell's German Dictionary.
Brewer's Reader's Handbook, Plots, etc.
Green's Short History of the English People.
Dict. of Nat. Biog. Epitome.
Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature. New Ed.
Newnes' Twentieth Century Atlas.
Hazell's Annual.
Lempriere's Classical Dictionary.
Oxford Book of English Verse.
Bartlett's Dictionary of Quotations.
Freeman's General Sketch of European History.
Oxford Spelling Guide. (Hart.)
Duncan's New Knowledge.
Gepp and Haigh's Latin Dictionary.

Good lists were submitted also by G. O. Anderson, 5, St. Elms Mansions, West Hampstead; J. G. Sleight, 70, Chamber Street, Hull; "Nemo," Highgate, N.; J. C. Ringham, City View, Lincoln; and Miss H. Batchelor, 7, Lansdowne Place, Blackheath.

Where most of the answers to this competition came short was in their neglecting the fact that the possession of a general encyclopædia was presupposed. Also many of the books suggested overlapped one another, *e.g.*, a Peerage, an Almanack, "Who's Who," The Literary Year-Book, a Gazetteer, an Indexed Atlas, the Post Office Guide. We cannot agree with a number of contributors who would include in the "twenty indispensables" The Koran and THE BOOKMAN. These are the luxuries of the library, but not, perhaps, quite a part of the irreducible minimum!

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the three best quotations from any living author presenting in the fewest words the most vivid and adequate description of scene or character has been gained by T. S., 8, Churchfield Road, Acton, W.

A CHARACTER-CAMEO.

"A rogue in porcelain."—(Clara Middleton).—From *The Egoist*, by G. MEREDITH.

A LOVE STORY IN A SENTENCE.

"My arm was around her in an instant, her head was on my shoulder, and my many wanderings were over."—*Mark Rutherford's Autobiography.*

EGDON HEATH.

"The sombre stretch of rounds and hollows seemed to rise and meet the evening gloom in pure sympathy, the heath exhaling darkness as rapidly as the heavens precipitated it."—*The Return of the Native*, by THOMAS HARDY.

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION FOR "THE BOOKMAN" has been awarded to Mr. D. W. W. WASSELL, The Square, Petersfield, whose suggestion appears as the third competition for October.

The subject of the second competition was suggested by Mr. H. R. CRIPPS and Mrs. H. ROBINS, to each of whom THE BOOKMAN will be sent for six months.

A number of excellent suggestions has reached us this month. These will be used in order of priority and the prize awarded accordingly. In some of the suggestions submitted we detect a pleasing irony. One of our prize-winners this month proposes "A Sonnet to THE BOOKMAN." There are limits to editorial immodesty. Another contributor has a delightful suggestion, which we regret not to be able to use: "Arrange in order of merit the Poets Laureate from Ben Jonson to Tennyson, omitting those who were without merit. Name the latter separately." Many of our readers will be glad to attempt this problem without the allurement of a prize.

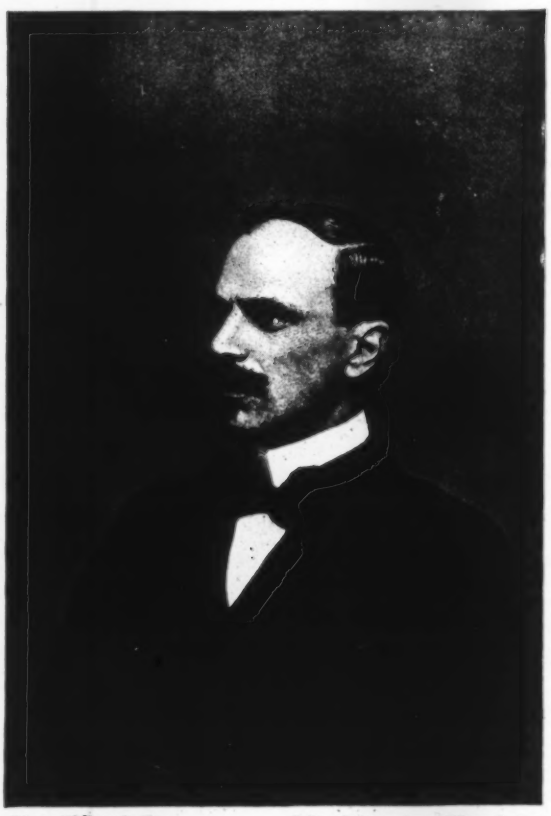


Photo Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Maurice Hewlett.**

GOLDWIN SMITH.

BY FRANK YEIGH.

ON August 13th last Goldwin Smith entered upon his eighty-third year, thus qualifying him for the old age title of "The Sage of the Grange," as his Toronto home is called. He was born shortly after the coronation of George IV., and has lived under four sovereigns. A long line of the great masters of literature has passed away since his birth—Byron, Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Moore, and Goethe. He knew Wellington and Peel as premiers. He has seen two generations of men come and go. He himself speaks of writing "with the trembling hand of age."

"I am at least strong upon the subject of age," he recently observed. "I have talked with a man who talked to the man who was Premier of England in 1801—to Addington about Pitt. I remember the rejoicings in England over the great Reform Bill. I remember seeing the farm buildings near my father's house burned by raiders who opposed the introduction of threshing machines. I well remember as a lad seeing the servants light the fire with a tinder box. I have seen a man in the stocks; I have heard the curfew."

In receiving recent birthday congratulations, he explained that he owed his attainment of old age to his not having been overworked at school as a child. At the two schools he attended, one of which was Eton, work was light. The old Etonian fears that children now, especially if their constitutions are not strong, are overworked at school.

"In the course of my long life," the Professor has recorded, "there has been a marvellous progress of invention, and new forces—mechanical, moral and political—have come upon the scene. Evolution has disclosed the origin of man. In politics, universal suffrage is showing its effects." "What is perhaps most momentous of all," he added, "science and criticism appear to be undermining the foundations of religious belief, by which, in the mass of men, conscience has been hitherto so largely supported."

"A war seems to have commenced between Capital and Labour which threatens serious disturbances in the future. Who can forecast to-morrow?" the old Oxford Professor finally asked.

An old man in truth is Goldwin Smith physically, for the voice, never strong, now carries but a short distance in public speech, and the thin, attenuated frame would appear to be most fragile. His general health, however, considering his age, is not altogether unsatisfactory. He still takes his daily drive, and still spends the forenoon hours in his library at his desk, and he yet appears occasionally in public, where he is always welcome.

Mentally, however, he is apparently as alert as ever, although age has, according to his own admission, somewhat impaired his wonderful memory. His pen is almost as prolific as in the past. He continues to contribute a weekly comment on current events to a Toronto paper, published in the interests of the farmer. Indeed, the Professor has always been a staunch advocate of the agriculturalist, and frequently appears on the platform at convention gatherings. There would seem to be no diminution in his output of work, judging by the frequency with which his correspondence and contributions appear in the American and English press.

Toronto has been the home of Mr. Goldwin Smith since 1871, and his thirty-four years' residence in this fine Canadian city has gained for him the highest esteem of his fellow citizens for the part he has played as a citizen. His civic interests have been most varied. As regards education, he has always taken a deep interest in Toronto University, on the walls of which his portrait was recently hung. He has been equally a stout champion of the Public School system. Municipal reform has engaged his sympathies as well as many phases of practical philanthropy, and his public efforts in this connection have been backed up by generous gifts.

In the world of Canadian politics and of public affairs, he has invariably been a free lance, and a free lance in any land invites attack and criticism. An enemy of the party system in Government, he has hurled, and still continues to hurl, his thunderbolts against its alleged evils. In his belief in the ultimate union of the Anglo-Saxon race on the American Continent as the dictate of nature, he has run counter to many currents of public opinion. Indeed, he has suffered personal insult and attempts at social persecution. Many an anonymous threat has been his reward, but "these," he has said, "I have passed over, as far as possible, in silence." He would probably say, with Tennyson,

> "Surely, after all,
> The noblest answer unto such
> Is perfect stillness when they brawl."

In the last analysis, friend and critic alike recognize Goldwin Smith's honesty of purpose, his frankness of judgment and his unswerving fidelity to what he esteems to be the truth. A courageous man he has always been, for it is no light task to pull up-stream against the majority of opinion, when the down-current runs strong. One still occasionally hears a repetition of Disraeli's rather unkind criticism of him as "a wild man of the cloisters, going about the country maligning men and things," but the Canadian public at large, with few exceptions, accord to the aged litterateur the highest respect for his character, his attainments, and his high ideals of citizenship, although it may be doubted whether he has any considerable following as a leader in the world of politics.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is domiciled in the oldest and most historic residence in Toronto. The Grange was built in 1817—a date that speaks of a ripe old age in a city little more than a century old. With its ivy-clothed walls and quaint architecture, it is a bit of old England in new Canada. Set in the centre of a park-like enclosure in the very heart of the city, it is yet so sheltered and shaded by a forest of noble trees as to give the place a delightful seclusion. Its hospitality is as renowned as its historic setting. Around its mahogany table have gathered nearly all the famous visitors to Toronto during the last quarter of a century. He who sits at the

Photo Frank Yeigh. From a Painting.

Mr. Goldwin Smith at the age of seventeen.

polished board will find himself in the Cromwell Room, with the Lord Protector looking down from his canvas over the mantel. This is an excellent replica of the Florentine portrait. Other famous faces peer from massive frames—the Earl of Essex, Fairfax, Vane, Andrew Marvell, Admiral Blake, Richard Baxter, and the four great Johns: Hampden and Pym, Milton and Bunyan.

The library is connected with the dining-room by a long passage-way. Here is the sanctuary of books of the ex-Regius Professor. His present collection of books is not a large one, though representative of the best in literature. The Professor gave his main library to Cornell University in 1868, and he regards the present collection as a purely working one. The shelf that contains the product of his own pen, whether in book form, in magazines edited by him, or in pamphlets, indicates something of his mental output since 1861, when his first book was issued.

The Grange library is an ideal place in which to enjoy a talk with its armchair host. Seated in his "Temple of Peace," before a cheery grate-fire, Goldwin Smith will prove himself to be a delightful conversationalist. A chat on literary things reveals a catholicity of taste on his part that is not surprising.

Among his favourite authors are Thackeray and Balzac, Scott, "with whom in reading you enjoy intercourse with a truly noble gentleman," Jane Austen—"a little female Shakespeare"—and, to a lesser degree, George Eliot. Bacon's Essays he characterizes as marvellous condensations of wisdom in language the most majestic. Macaulay's Essays are unrivalled for brilliancy of style, though a little too cocksure. Melbourne said he wished he were as cocksure of anything as Tom Macaulay was cocksure of everything. If you want perfect rest, counsels the Professor, turn to Cowper's "Task." All Scotsmen should, in his opinion, cherish Burns, and he would join them if they would let him take the poetry without adding the man. Dickens he values for many reasons, but chiefly for the glimpses he gives of a passed-away generation. Tennyson comes last, supreme in art, the mirror of his age. For political or theological novels he has no liking. Let us have our politics and theology straight, he pleads.

The Professor does not lend himself to anecdotage. A story is told of him that when travelling in the North-West, a bandit of the West entered the car, and strutted up and down with two pistols in his belt, defying everybody in sight to mortal combat. Most of the passengers threw up their hands, but Mr. Goldwin Smith calmly looked the man over without moving a muscle. The ruffian walked up to him and said, "You don't reckon you can lick me, do ye?" "No," replied the Professor; "I don't think I could, but I am quite satisfied that someone should." But when the subject of the anecdote dismisses it with a criticism that it is absolutely untrue, one story the less is available regarding him.

An interesting fact regarding Goldwin Smith is the promise of his skull to a collection that Professor Wylder, of Cornell, is making.

Photo Rowley.

The Grange.
Mr. Goldwin Smith's House, Toronto.

Photo F. Yeigh.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's Library.

The Professor once had a very notable pupil in the present King. A class was specially formed for the royal pupil in English History. "I used to examine him after the lecture," the King's tutor explains, "and I have no doubt that I bored him to extinction. But he never let me see that he was bored. From this I gathered that he would successfully discharge the most arduous duties of royalty. If he could listen to a professor who bored him to death without showing him that he was bored, he would be able to listen with an appearance of interest to municipal addresses. He would never lose his self-command, or, like one of his predecessors, knight a town-clerk in mistake for the Lord Mayor."

An anecdote bearing on his old age is told by the Professor. On receiving a portrait of an old political and social friend, Sir Thomas Beazley, he had written to thank him. "I wrote," says Mr. Goldwin Smith, "to say how pleased I was on receiving his portrait, and how interesting it was to find that two at least of the old circle were still left. I received an answer from the son to say that it was not the father, my late friend, who had sent it, but the son; that he, the sender, was seventy years of age, and the father, if he were living, would be one hundred and two!"

At a recent gathering of Canadian pressmen, Mr. Goldwin Smith was made honorary president. "I have one title to the position," he explained, "in that I am the oldest newspaper man here. It is sixty years since I became one of the first contributors to the *Saturday Review*." Pleasantly did the old newspaper hand gossip to his more youthful confreres, retailing interesting recollections of his early days in the journalistic profession under Beresford Hope, and in the company of Sir Henry Mayne, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Lord Robert Cecil (later Marquis of Salisbury), and other noted writers. That was in the days of the great Reform Bill, and a saying of the time was that many things were new, true, and of the highest importance, "but that to the writers of the *Saturday Review* nothing was new, nothing was true, nothing was of the highest importance." Mr. Goldwin Smith also contributed literary articles to the *Times*, then in its most glorious days as an independent paper. The income of John Walter was £80,000 a year. In 1848 there was such a tremendous demand for news of the revolutions of the Continent that in one day the *Times* lost £400, the cost of turning out a large issue, that wiped out the profits from advertisements.

At the unveiling of his portrait in Toronto University a few months ago, the Professor, in thanking the donors, replied: "In my house, under the replica of that portrait, there is the portrait of a boy of seventeen who has just left Eton, and is looking forward to the great world. I hope the youth of this university and library will infuse into the time-worn features of the old man something of the brightness and hopefulness of the boy." Thus at every turn the eminent resident of the Grange makes the comparison between the long-distant past of his early life and the present—the sixty years of activity indicating that his life work is no doubt nearly done.

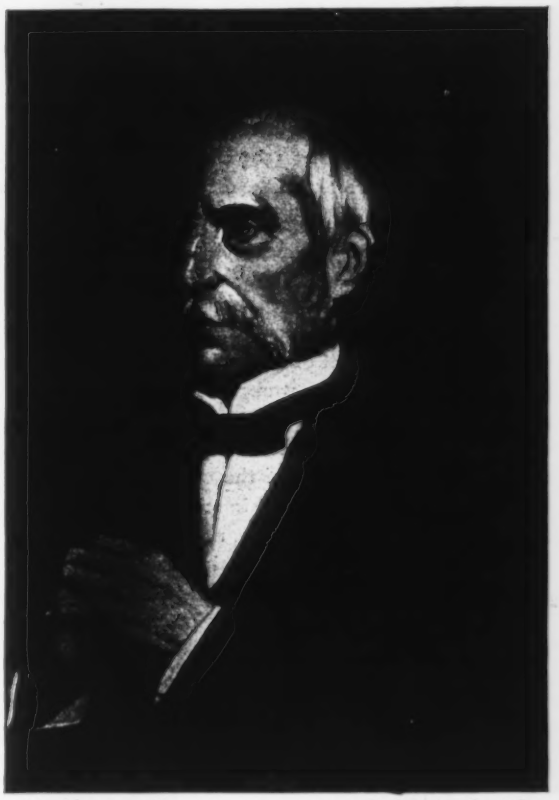


Photo from Portrait by E. Wyly Grier, Toronto.

Mr. Goldwin Smith at the age of 77.

With his ripe scholarship, his unswerving fidelity to what he regards as truth, his alert powers of expression, his broad sympathies, his study of the world's currents of thought, and his undoubted courage, Canada has needed just such a critic as Goldwin Smith, and despite his frequent antagonism to the public opinion of the Dominion, his ageing years are full of honour in his Canadian home.

THE DATE OF KNOX'S BIRTH.

By D. Hay Fleming.

THIS year has been observed all over Scotland, and in many places far beyond its confines, as the quater-centenary of Knox's birth. Sixteen months ago it occurred to me that it might be possible to ascertain the month in which he was born. On looking somewhat carefully into the matter, I was convinced that the accepted year (1505) was not the true year; but had not leisure to follow up my investigations. As, however, it was expected that the General Assemblies of the Scottish Churches would make arrangements for the celebration, it seemed only right to sound a note of warning. Accordingly I wrote a letter to the *Scotsman*, which appeared on the 27th of May, 1904.

In that letter it was pointed out that there was not only grave reason for doubting the accuracy of the date, which for two and a half centuries had been accepted,

but also that, in the light of Sir Peter Young's letter to Beza, Beza's statement, which throws Knox's birth into 1515, could no longer be lightly set aside.

Since that letter appeared, I have found further evidence in support of the later date, and am now able to explain how it was that 1505 came to be regarded as the real year. The story of the error is both suggestive and instructive.

It is absolutely certain that Knox died on Monday evening, the 24th of November, 1572. It was only eight years afterwards, that is, in 1580, that Beza published his "Icones" in Geneva, and stated in it that Knox died on the 24th of December, 1572, at the age of 57. Beza's book was in Latin. A French translation of it by Simon Goulart was published in 1581; and in that translation the date of Knox's death and his age are given as in the original. Verheiden, in his "Effigies," published in 1602, gives the same date for Knox's death, but does not state his age. On the other hand, Melchior Adam, in his "Vitæ Theologorum," published in Frankfort in 1618, gives the true date of Knox's death, the 24th of November, and states his age as 57. Reference has sometimes been made to a medal or "medallion of Knox struck at Geneva," and on which his age is stated as 57. Little stress, however, can be laid on that medal, for it is an eighteenth century production. According to Cochran-Patrick, it was the workmanship of J. A. Dassier, a Swiss, who was chief engraver of the mint at London in 1740. And besides, it is pretty obvious that the bust which it bears, though in profile, has been adapted from the erroneous portrait in Goulart's translation of the "Icones." Putting both that translation and the medal aside, there remain Beza and Adam, who both state that Knox was 57 at his death. As Beza gives the wrong month and Adam gives the right one, it cannot be said that Adam followed Beza blindly. There is internal evidence in Adam's narrative to show that he drew some of his information from Bishop Bale's "Catalogus," and some from the account of the closing part of Knox's life, which was appended in 1579 to Smeton's "Responsio" to Archibald Hamilton's attack on the dead Reformer. From neither of these two sources could he learn the date of Knox's birth, nor his age at death; but, from the latter, he could not fail to learn the true date of his death; and it may therefore be argued that his sole authority for the age was Beza, whom he seems to follow on some points. So let it be.

Now for the 1505 theory. No one has yet produced earlier published proof for it than David Buchanan's statement in 1644, that is, sixty-four years later than the date of the "Icones." Buchanan's first edition of Knox's "History" was published in London, in 1644, with a life of the author. In that life, it is stated that he was born in "the yeer of Christ 1505"; that he was recalled from the Continent to his own country in "the yeer of Christ 1559, which was the 54 of his age"; and that "he died anno Dom. 1572, and of his age 62." Here, there can be no doubt, 62 is a misprint for 67. Buchanan's edition of the "History," with an enlarged life, was reprinted in Edinburgh in 1644. In that enlarged life, the same year is given for Knox's birth, and the same age at his return from the Continent; but he is said to have died on the 24th of November, 1572, in "the 67 year of his age." No misgivings are here betrayed as to Knox's age, and it is added:—"After the forsaid manner died blessed old Knox (*plenus dierum*) in a full age."

Where did the biographer get his information on this point? He does not say. Indeed, in the life prefixed to the London edition, no authority whatever is given; but in the Edinburgh one, which is more than twice as long, quotations are professedly given from Beza, from Smeton, from three of Knox's own letters (one of which is embodied in the "History"), from his discourse of the proceedings at Frankfort, and from his "First Blast of the Trumpet." There is internal evidence to prove that the biographer, in the Edinburgh edition, drew largely, though without acknowledgment, from Richard Bannatyne's "Memoriales." From none of these sources, save Beza, could he have learned the date of the Reformer's birth or his age at death. But there is another unacknowledged source from which he drew, especially for the London edition, and from that source he has evidently derived his statement concerning Knox's age. That other source is Archbishop Spottiswoode's "History of the Church of Scotland."

Spottiswoode's account of Knox's last days is almost exactly the same as that given in Buchanan's London edition of Knox's "History." The verbal coincidence is so close, through paragraph after paragraph, that it is perfectly obvious that the one must have been copied from the other, or both from a common source. As a matter of fact, both have been derived to a certain extent from a common source; but one has been derived indirectly, and through the other. That common source was apparently the account of the closing part of Knox's life already referred to, and which, there is reason to believe, was written by James Lawson (Knox's colleague and successor), although it was appended to Smeton's "Responsio" in 1579. Like Smeton's pamphlet, it was in Latin. In Spottiswoode's pages, and in those of Buchanan's London edition, all the portions of it which are reproduced are given in English; but the two reproductions are so much alike in their phraseology that they cannot be independent translations. And some passages, which are not derived from the Latin tract, are also exactly the same.

Dr. George Mackenzie was so struck by this resemblance, in 1722, that he boldly asserted that Spottiswoode had transcribed the account of Knox's pious exhortations, prayers, and ejaculations, "word for word," from David Buchanan. It is quite certain that Buchanan could not borrow from a printed copy of Spottiswoode's "History," for the first edition was not published until 1655, that is, eleven years after Buchanan's first edition of Knox was issued. On the other hand, as the Archbishop died on the 26th of November, 1639, he could not borrow from the printed edition of a book which was not published until 1644. But, while there is nothing to show that Buchanan lay long in manuscript, it is certain that Spottiswoode did; and, more than that, it

can be proved that Spottiswoode's MS. was in the hands of the Covenanters long before it was published.

Robert Baillie, afterwards Principal of Glasgow University, published his "Historicall Vindication" in 1646. At the end of the table of contents, he gives a list of his authorities, and among these occurs:—"The Ecclesiastick History of Scotland written by John Spotswood, pretended Archbishop of St. Andrews, licensed for the presse under the hands of Secretary Stirling and Windebank." As David Buchanan was greatly esteemed by Baillie, and was one of his correspondents by 1644, there is no difficulty in supposing that he had access to Spottiswoode's MS.

In order to prove that he had the Spottiswoode MS. before him, I have hitherto only referred to the close coincidences in statement and expression. If further proof were wanted it might be found in some of their divergences. For example, the Archbishop said:—"Never was any man more observant of church authority than he, always urging the obedience of ministers to their superintendents, for which he caused divers acts to be made in the Assemblies of the Church, and showed himself severe to the transgressors." This is not taken from the Latin tract of 1579, and it did not commend itself to Buchanan's Presbyterian opinions. He did not discard it, but threw it into this altered form:—"Never was a man more observant of the true and just authority of the church-rulers, according to the Word of God, and practice of the purest primitive times. He alwayes urged pressingly due obedience by the people to the faithfull pastors and elders of the church." In the Edinburgh edition this is still further altered, but it still exhibits the anti-Spottiswoode feeling.

The first edition of Spottiswoode's "History" was published in 1655; the second, in 1666; the third, in 1668; and the fourth, in 1677. In all these editions the death of Knox is thus entered under the year 1572:—"He died the 27 of November in the 67 year of his age." In the Spottiswoode Society edition (which was edited by Bishop Russell from the Dublin MS., the one sanctioned by Sterline and Windebank, the very MS. which had been in Baillie's hands) Knox's death is thus given:—"He died the twenty-seventh of November, in the sixty-seventh year of his age." Here we seem driven to the conclusion that Buchanan accepted the statement in Spottiswoode's MS. as to Knox's age; and, having done so, arrived at the year of his birth by deducting 67 from 1572. Buchanan therefore, as an authority, I now dismiss, as I have already dismissed Goulart and Adam on the opposite side; and so, at this stage of the argument, the question of Knox's age at his death rests on Beza's statement or on Spottiswoode's. Which of the two is to be trusted?

Spottiswoode was only seven years old when Knox died, whereas Beza was in the fullest sense his contemporary, and wrote very much earlier than the Archbishop. Nevertheless, his statement has been deliberately set aside, as a slip or an error, by such men as Matthew Crawford, the editor of the first genuine edition of Knox's "History," and Thomas M'Crie, the ablest and most laborious of Knox's biographers. The weight deservedly due to their opinion led subsequent writers to endorse it; but if these two had known of Sir Peter Young's letter to Beza, they would at least have hesitated in their judgment, and would probably have come to a different conclusion.

Young's letter was discovered in the Ducal Library at Gotha, by M. Aubert and M. le Pasteur Eugène Choisy, and was printed ten years ago by Dr. Hume Brown. In that letter, which is dated from Edinburgh on the 13th of November, 1579, that is, within seven years of Knox's death, it is stated that he died in his fifty-ninth year (*decessit undesexagesimo ætatis anno*). Beza was at this time preparing his "Icones," and had asked Young to send him Knox's portrait. Young, in his letter, graphically describes Knox's personal appearance; and mentions that an artist had just brought him the desired portrait; and explains that Lawson is sending a full account of the Scottish Reformer to Beza. This letter proves conclusively that Beza's statement of Knox's age is not the result of a wild misprint. He might be in his fifty-ninth year without being far past his fifty-eighth; and so Young and Beza may only differ by one year. This difference may be accounted for by supposing that Beza received more precise information from Lawson, and followed it.

Although Young had not stated Knox's age in years, the description he gives of his personal appearance would lead one to suppose, considering what he came through, that he must have been much less than sixty-seven. He speaks of his hair as black, and of his beard as black mingled with grey.

Over and above all this, however, there is evidence to show that a clerical mistake has been made by one of Spottiswoode's transcribers; and that the Archbishop originally wrote 57, not 67. There are several MS. copies of his "History." The earliest of these is in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; and the latest that passed through his own hands, the one he destined for the press, is now in Dublin. Originally he only intended to bring his narrative down to 1603; but afterwards re-arranged the divisions of his work, and continued it to 1625. The copy in the Advocates' Library preserves the work in its early form. Most of it is written in a clear, legible hand, the hand, if I am not mistaken, of one of the most famous Scottish penmen of his time. But the matter has been carefully revised. There are many minute alterations, many marginal additions, and a large extension at the end. These alterations and additions are, Bishop Russell states, in Spottiswoode's own handwriting. It is not an easily read hand, for it is small, and many of the letters are unformed or only half-formed. Here is the concluding portion of the paragraph concerning Knox as it appears in the transcriber's hand:—

"He was certainly a man indued with rare gifts, and the chiefe instrument of God for the worke of those times. Many good men have disliked some of his positions, touching the authority of princes, and the forme of discipline which at first he *sought to be* received. *But the times were hard*, and may be thought to be more in fault then he himselfe. And for that matter of discipline, let all his wryttings and actions be examined, wee shall find him free from that dotage whereunto

some that made it their glory to be his followers did afterwards grow. Howsoever, we must know, that the best men have their errours, and it is needfull wee see their weaknesses in some things, least we take them for gods that are but men. He died the 24 of November, in the 57 yeare of his age, and both in his life and death, whatsoever the enemies of the trueth have said, did approve himselfe to be the worthy and faithfull servand of Christ."

The Archbishop has deleted the words *sought to be*, and substituted for them *laboured to have*. He has also scored out the last sentences, beginning with the words —*But the times were hard*, and has written in the margin :—

" Yet was he farre from these dotages quhairunto som that wold haif been thocht his followers did afterwards growe. Nor was there any more observant of church authoritie then he, ever preasing the obedience of ministers to their superintendents, for quhich he movit diverse acts to be made in the assemblyes of the church, and shewde himself severe to the transgressors. But in othr things howsoevir he was set, we must think, that the best haif thair errors, yet it is good we suld see, lest we ascryve more to them then is fit for men. He dyed the 24 of November in the 57 yeir of his age and *had his body* interred in the churchyard of St. Gelis."

There are several verbal alterations even in these marginal sentences; but only one of them need be noted here. The words *had his body* are interlined over the word *was* which is deleted.

Now the above shows that, in the earliest known MS., Spottiswoode gave Knox's age as 57 ; and it also proves that, although he rewrote these sentences, he repeated the age as 57. No figures could be more plainly made than the transcriber's ; but the Archbishop's marginal 5 is abnormally formed. Where the straight stroke joins the curved one, there is a round loop; and the final letter of his interlinear *had* crosses and partly hides the lower part of the figure. The consequence has been that, when the transcriber made a clean copy, he did not observe the tail of the 5, and, as it has no flag, he mistook it for a 6. Thus, as it plainly appears to me, the error crept into Spottiswoode; and was repeated and overlooked in the subsequent transcripts. The error in the day of the month on which Knox died may have crept in at the same time.

There must have been at least one intermediate transcript between the one in the Advocates' Library and the one in Dublin. There is a manuscript copy in the Kelso Library. A somewhat hasty examination of it leads me to believe that it is not intermediate, but has been taken from the Dublin one some time between 1639 and 1655. Bishop Russell proved that there had been two manuscript copies in the library of the Duke of Lauderdale. Although I have not seen them, I feel certain that they represented an intermediate transcript or transcripts. My reason for so regarding them is this. In the Laing Collection, in Edinburgh University Library, there is a copy of the printed edition of 1677, which contains a number of marginal notes in an old hand, and these notes were " taken from two MSS. copies of this History which were in the excellent library of the late Duke of Lauderdale, wherin are some variations from the printed copy."

The passage quoted above from the margin of the Advocates' Library MS. appears with a few variations in all the printed copies. But in the printed copies, almost at the end of the paragraph, there are several sentences referring to Knox's History and its authorship. These sentences occur in the Kelso MS. They were not, however, in either of the two Lauderdale copies, as is proved by this marginal note in the Laing Collection copy :—" Hæc desunt in duobus MSS. Lauderdelianis." As the writer of this marginal note does not draw attention to any difference in the age, his silence may be taken as an indication that the error had already crept in.

In both of the 1644 editions of Knox's " History," the address " to the reader " is initialed by David Buchanan; but in neither does he initial the life. It is quite possible that the life may have been prepared by some other person; and I am inclined to believe that the additional matter in the Edinburgh edition was supplied by another and better known man. But as the writer was a Presbyterian, and so could have access to the Spottiswoode MS. through Baillie, I do not in the meantime dispute the common opinion that David Buchanan was himself the biographer.

If, as I think, Spottiswoode took Knox's age from Beza or Adam, the only remaining difficulty lies in judging between Beza and Young ; but, wherever Spottiswoode obtained the information, the question of Knox's age is now narrowed down to a difference of two years at most.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

" Imagination enriches everything. A great library contains not only books, but ' The assembled souls of all that men held wise.' "—LEIGH HUNT.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE Dictionary of National Biography would possibly be shorter by some pages but for Pope's " Dunciad." In English literature this is the supreme instance of the futility of embalming flies in amber. But there are many other examples of critical animosity overleaping itself and conferring a certain immortality on the object of its abuse. Leigh Hunt is not altogether an apposite case. He has undisputed right of entry into the history of English literature by the front door. But it is certainly the case that he would have entered quite as surely by the back stairs of calumny, caricature, and his intimate association with men of letters infinitely greater than himself. The lions of *Blackwood* immortalised him with abuse as the head and front of the offending Cockney school. And for one who has read " Rimini " there are thousands who are acquainted with the fact that Leigh Hunt is the original of the Harold Skimpole of " Bleak House." To the libellers of the Cockney school Leigh Hunt replied genially enough : " The Cockney school of poetry is the most illustrious in England; for, to say nothing of Pope and Gray, who were both veritable Cockneys, ' born within the sound of Bow Bells,' Milton was so too, and Chaucer and Spenser were both natives of the City. Of the four greatest English poets, Shakespeare only was not a Londoner." Admirers

of the poet and essayist cannot so easily deny the truth of Dickens's unkind portraiture. It bore a "dreadful resemblance." We hear much in these days of the commercial spirit of literature; of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" being sold by brokers in the market-place. There is a foolish and deep-rooted tradition that associates genius and business incapacity. The artist with a balance to his credit, who knows the value of his own work, is viewed with something of suspicion, and is lucky if he escape the charge of being, not an artist, but an artisan. And yet there are the examples of Shakespeare, Fielding, Scott, and Thackeray to remind us that the highest flights of genius are compatible with a sober prudence in the conduct of the ordinary affairs of life. The best apology for the unwonted severity of Dickens's satire is his healthy contempt for an outworn affectation.

Leigh Hunt's father came from Barbados, practised as a lawyer in Philadelphia, and, when the revolution came, went to England, where he was for some time a Unitarian preacher. Hunt, senior, was a shiftless individual, from whom his son inherited an easy-going disposition, and a complete inability to grasp the simple elements of finance. Both father and son made acquaintance with the debtors' prison. They did not revile against fate. They were merely puzzled by a curious injustice which they could not comprehend.

Leigh Hunt, the youngest son, was born on October 19th, 1784. From the age of seven to fourteen he was at Christ's Hospital. Two years later his foolish father published the boy's first poetical effusion, and Leigh Hunt found himself a whale among suburban minnows. After six years of multifarious scribbling he joined his brother, a practical printer, and founded in 1808 the *Examiner*, which he edited for fourteen years. The politics of the new paper were ultra-Radical, and soon procured its entry in the Government black list. In 1812 Hunt gave his enemies their chance by his famous description of the "First Gentleman of Europe." "This Adonis in loveliness is a corpulent man of fifty . . . a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties . . . a man who had just closed half a century without a single claim on the gratitude of his country or the respect of posterity." For this freedom of speech Hunt paid five hundred pounds and two years' imprisonment. The latter was no great hardship. A kind Government provided him with free rooms and a garden. His wife and children joined him. Grateful Radicals brought presents to the political martyr. And, best of all, the poor prisoner made the acquaintance of Bentham, Keats, Byron, and Hazlitt. Although he affected low spirits, the gaolbird did not cease to sing. His best poem, "Rimini," was written in Horsemonger Lane Gaol.

After his liberation Hunt's next venture was the *Indicator*, a weekly journal, which lasted rather more than a twelvemonth. In it are many of his best essays. By the *Indicator* alone Hunt approves himself the best essayist from Goldsmith's day to Lamb's. Not that in his happiest flights he ever attains the elevation of either of these masters of prose. Humour he had practically none, as many incidents in his life sufficiently prove. But he had in a minor degree the Goldsmithian genius for adorning all he touched. Give him any subject—on "shaking hands," "indexes," "dreams," "sleep," "hats," "fogs"—and Leigh Hunt could turn out a graceful and ingenious essay. At his worst he was always a clever and capable journalist. But his best work unmistakably lies on the further side of the thin and undefinable line that separates journalism and literature. There are isolated patches in Leigh Hunt's essays of the greatest beauty and finish. But he was incapable of sustained effort. Every ascent into the higher regions of eloquence and fancy is followed by an immediate fall into commonplace. "The finest taste in some ways, contrasting with what can only be called the most horrible vulgarity in others; a light hand tediously boring again and again at obviously miscomprehended questions of religion, philosophy, and politics; a keen appetite for humour condescending to thin and repeated jests; a reviler of kings going out of his way laboriously to beslaver royalty; a man of letters, of talent almost touching genius, who seldom wrote a dozen consecutive good pages." The striking inequality of his style reflects the defects of his literary and moral equipment. He had not, like Hazlitt, the sincerity of purpose and the virile enthusiasm which may condone many literary sins of commission. And he had not, like Lamb, the gift of charging the commonplace with the electric thrill of wit. Of very many of Leigh's essays it must be said, in Johnson's phrase, that they have not wit enough to keep them sweet.

Five years after leaving Horsemonger Lane, Leigh Hunt paid his famous visit to Byron in Italy. The story is too familiar to need detail. It has a sordid side, but it is at the same time as amusing as the best plot of Gilbertian humour. Shelley, attempting to be practical, suggested the foundation of a quarterly called the *Liberal*. Byron's help was invaluable, and to ensure this Leigh Hunt must needs proceed to join Shelley and Byron at Leghorn. Our prudent essayist characteristically set sail in November with his wife and family, took a month to navigate the Channel, and had to take refuge for half a year in Plymouth. At last, in June, 1822, the Hunts arrived at Leghorn. A few days later came the end of Shelley's stormful life, and Byron found himself under the necessity of supporting the whole Hunt family. Byron and Hunt had very little in common beyond a very visionary political creed. The connection was foredoomed to failure. Byron resented his colleague's familiarity. Leigh Hunt chafed under Byron's aristocratic ways, and was astonished that the noble lord should see anything peculiar in the idea of a common exchequer. Two years after Hunt's arrival in Italy Byron died in Missolonghi, and Hunt was left without a patron or a purse. To the end he maintained that Byron had tricked him badly. This view found bitter expression in "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries," which he wrote in 1828, after his return to England. For this book no defence is possible. Leigh Hunt himself in a cooler hour did not try to palliate the outrage.

His imprisonment and his connection with Byron are the outstanding incidents in the life of Leigh Hunt. From his return from Italy to his death at Putney in 1859 he led the harassing and uneventful life of a miscellaneous writer. The financial difficulties which constantly threatened him were not due to idleness. There was scarcely a literary venture of the time in which he did not bear his share. Like Goldsmith, he could earn money, but could not keep it. And he was ever waiting, not without some reason, for some reward from the Liberal Government on its entry into power in 1832. Twelve years later he received from the Shelley family an annuity of a hundred and twenty pounds. His later years were made easy by a Government pension of two hundred pounds, and he received a gift of a thousand pounds as the result of two benefit performances by Dickens's famous amateur dramatic company.

In the fierce campaign of calumny against the so-called Cockney school of poets Leigh Hunt was the chosen target of every Tory pen. The reason for this is easy to find. The writings of Leigh Hunt suffer not only from inequality, but from not infrequent vulgarity. The charges of immorality that were freely launched against him, both as a man and as a poet, are too absurd to bear investigation. But his verses had precisely the faults most likely to incite the wrath and ridicule of the upholders of tradition. For they are all tainted with namby-pambyism, and their attempts at jocosity are too often merely pert vulgarity. Scarcely any writer of such parts had less dignity than Leigh Hunt. His conception of the literary life was an anachronism. Had he lived a century earlier, he would, like the poet Gay, have basked under the smiles of a patron without forfeiting our respect. But by the time he wrote, those halcyon days for simple poets had gone for ever. A childish ignorance of financial arithmetic was no longer regarded as a natural and amusing foible of the poet. The "artistic temperament" was already deprived of one of its cherished prerogatives. Leigh Hunt's candid critics did not hesitate to call him a sponge.

What Hazlitt says of Leigh Hunt's society is true enough of his writings: "No one ever sought his society who did not come away with a more favourable opinion of him; no one was ever disappointed, except those who entertained idle prejudices against him." His want of dignity alienates our respect. The peculiar charm of his personality is proved by the warmth and variety of the tributes paid him by men so different as Lamb and Hazlitt and Carlyle. But

his writings do not enable us to recapture the attractive side of this personality. We are conscious only of his colossal self-satisfaction, which, as Hazlitt delightfully remarks, "is more than the strict logical premises warrant." That he is little more than a name now may be doubted. But within certain well-defined limits Leigh Hunt was a great critic, worthy to be mentioned along with Lamb and Coleridge and Hazlitt. The reasoned judgments of Coleridge, the breadth and sweep of Hazlitt, the exquisite subtlety of Lamb—these were all beyond the reach of Leigh Hunt. But in making an anthology of prose or verse he could excel any one of the three. His one equipment was an almost perfect taste. In the most neglected corners of the literary garden he rifled the sweetest blossoms with the instinct of the bee. RANGER.

The following are some suggested text and reference books:—

Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. 2s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Leigh Hunt's The Town. 2s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Leigh Hunt's Men, Women, and Books. 2s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Leigh Hunt's Imagination and Fancy. 2s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Leigh Hunt's Wit and Humour. 2s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Leigh Hunt's Table Talk. 2s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Leigh Hunt's A Jar of Honey. 2s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Essays by Leigh Hunt. With Introduction by E. Ollier. 2s. (Chatto and Windus.)
Essays in English Literature (1780-1860). By Professor Saintsbury. 7s. 6d. (Percival.)
Leigh Hunt's The Town. 1s. 5d. net. (Unit Library.)
Essays of Leigh Hunt. Ed. Arthur Symons. 3s. 6d. (Dent.)
Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Ed. Ingpen. 21s. (Constable.)

QUESTIONINGS.

And shall Love die?
I paced my garden on a summer morn,
Afar the poppies burnt like flames of fire amid the corn,
And at my side the roses' fragrant baby-buds were born;
But to my question came there no reply.
O *can* Love die?

And shall Hope die?
I looked across the sunny, smiling land
And saw in fancy Winter come with stern, relentless hand,
And blot out all the fairy tints that Summer's love had plann'd.
The spirit of the garden seemed to sigh,
Yes, Hope may die!

Shall Beauty die?
'Twas evening and again I wandered there.
Around me bloomed the roses in the tender summer air;
How I feasted on their colour and their scent so rich and rare!
But I saw one petal fall and withered lie.
Beauty must die.

Shall Fear too die?
I met a shadow flitting through the night,
And shuddered as it touched my heart with fingers cool and light.
The Shade of Fear! I hid amongst the roses red and white.
But the stars looked down all-calmly from the sky—
Fear too shall die.

But shall Love die?
I asked again with brain and heart distress'd.
The garden now was sleeping and the flowers had gone to rest,
All save the evening primrose. Then from out the dreamy west
A soft wind blew, and kissed my lips and eyes—
Love *never* dies!

SYDNEY HESSELRIGGE.

New Books.

MADAME D'ARBLAY.*

Less than a year ago we had the pleasure of drawing the attention of our readers to the first volume of this excellent library edition of Fanny Burney's greatest work. Since that time the several volumes have made their appearance with unfailing regularity, and the editor and the publishers are now to be congratulated on the completion of the work in a manner befitting its literary rank. What was said of the first volume can be predicated of the whole undertaking. The book in its format is beyond criticism. It is beautifully printed on good paper and attractively bound. The illustrations have been selected with great discernment and are excellently reproduced. There are altogether no fewer than nineteen choice photogravure portraits, forty-five half-tone views, and many admirable autograph facsimiles and plans. By nothing is a new edition such as this to be judged more closely than by its equipment of indexing. In this respect the work leaves something to be desired. Five volumes have been provided with a separate index each, and the last with a general index, by Mr. R. J. Lister. It is regrettable that under many important heads these indexes should give nothing but mere page references.

"There are definite advantages," says Mr. Dobson in the preface to the last volume, "in issuing a book by instalments. It is possible before ending it to add such after-thoughts as may have arisen during the course of publication and that explain or emphasise what may stand in need of emphasis or explanation." The further explanation takes the form of a reply to certain criticisms which appear to have been passed on the earlier volumes of the edition. These criticisms were directed mainly against the omission from the work of the Early Diary, 1768-78, and the paucity of annotation. Mr. Dobson observes that "whatever has been done, either by way of performance or non-performance, has been done with set purpose." The omission of the early diary is justified, the editor holds, by the fact that in 1889 it was carefully edited and annotated by the late Mrs. Annie Raine Ellis. As for the notes, Mr. Dobson contends that in this "over-occupied age" they should be as brief as possible We cannot think that the explanation, perfectly understandable as is Mr. Dobson's attitude, is likely to satisfy those critics who looked for something more. The editor of what is certainly a standard library edition is not concerned with the demands of an over-occupied age. The over-occupied will never trouble to consult the pages of Fanny Burney's very leisurely journal. Again, the fact that an edition of the earlier diary appeared sixteen years ago does not seem to us any reason why it should not have been included in what is certainly the standard edition of the major portion of the work. As in writing of the first volume in these pages we ventured to mention these facts, we are necessarily included among those to whom Mr. Dobson's explanation is directed. It seems to us that Mr. Dobson has somewhat misunderstood the spirit of these objections. That any work of his bearing on the literature of the eighteenth century should from any quarter whatever be treated to captious criticism is inconceivable. However expressed, such criticism could have had no intention other than what was certainly our own. The conjunction of the names of D'Arblay and Dobson awakened expectations that did not seem to be quite fulfilled. It is only just to Mr. Dobson to say that no allusion in the work is left unexplained. His two prefaces afford an excellent introduction and criticism. In a word, the objections were not, perhaps, the outcome of an entirely reasonable criticism. We expected from Mr. Dobson, however irrationally, not the minimum of annotation, but a rich embroidery woven out of his unrivalled knowledge. Mr. Dobson tells us that that was no part of his intention. The materials, he says, are easily accessible elsewhere—notably, in his own delightful monograph on Fanny Burney. So there is no more to be said. Or, rather, let us say with Sir Roger, that much may be said on both sides of the question. Only one thing would we emphasise, and that is a point which we venture to think Mr. Dobson has modestly overlooked. The criticisms which have been offered are an indirect compliment. We have all it is true been "asking for more," but this does not by any means imply that our lawful appetite has not been satisfied. We approach any book with Mr. Dobson's name on it with an appetite whetted by the recollection of many sumptuous feasts from the same hand. When we are suddenly reduced to short commons, Mr. Dobson must not misunderstand us if we cry out, alack and well-a-day.

After the discussion of this semi-personal matter, the new preface resolves itself into an appreciation of the whole work. This is a brilliant bit of condensed criticism. Mr. Dobson vigorously combats the opinion that the interest of the Diary evaporates after the publication of Cecilia and the passing away from its pages of the Thrales and Johnson and "Daddy" Crisp. It is probable that his enthusiasm has led him slightly to undervalue the feeling prompting that contention. The interest, it is true, never flags. Fanny Burney's long life was full of incident and vicissitude, and during and after her married life she faced trouble with the same dauntless cheerfulness as Margaret Oliphant. For this reason her diary is seldom, if ever, dull. But none the less there is nothing in it that equals in charm the record of those early years when the young writer with a naïve exuberance relates the story of her astonishing triumph. The art, rather the engaging artlessness, of the narrative continues, but even the most brilliant account of a day with George III. does not quite take the place of the record of an evening with Johnson at Streatham.

It is generally forgotten that the gains derived from Evelina and Cecilia bore no proportion to the books' contemporary renown. They amounted to less than three hundred pounds. This is surely adequate enough explanation of why the successful novelist should have accepted the post of "Second-Keeper of the Robes" to Queen Charlotte. Her stay at Court was undoubtedly irksome. "A dead and tame life" she once calls it. But the cunning hand that painted Sophia Streatfield found excellent materials at Windsor, St. James's, and Kew. The portrait of George the Third and the account of the first premonitions of his insanity show Madame D'Arblay's art at its highest, and are of equal historical and literary value. The poor King loved "Burney" almost as Johnson did. It was to her ears that he made his memorable criticism on Shakespeare. "But what think you?—What?—Is that not sad stuff? What?—What?" And Fanny Burney sets all her conversations down with a fidelity rivalling that of Boswell and with a kindly humour that far excels the laboured jests of Peter Pindar.

The minor characters of that humdrum Court afforded the keeper of the robes considerable amusement as an offset to the boredom of Mrs. Schwellenberg. In fact, it may be doubted if a more authentic picture of Court life was ever painted than by this little lady "taking notes" in the palaces of King George. "Mr. Turbulent" and the rest are described with more than a foretaste of the exquisite irony of Jane Austen. Nothing could be better than Colonel Digby discussing Young's Night Thoughts with the diarist in "a genteel round-about way." Unfortunately, Fanny Burney did not take the lugubrious Lothario ironically. The best that can be said for the Colonel is that his defection indirectly hastened Fanny Burney's escape from an intolerable routine.

The interest of the Diary changes after the appearance of M. D'Arblay—that very perfect "gentleman of France" whom Fanny Burney pluckily married with no resources between them but her own pension of a hundred pounds. She is herself now the centre of interest. Hitherto the most engrossing pages of the Diary picture the celebrities encountered, or the famous events, such as the trial of Warren Hastings, observed by this brilliant looker-on. The later portion is mainly of a biographical interest, the absorbing story of one whose life

* "Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay (1778-1840)." As edited by her niece, Charlotte Barrett. With preface and notes by Austin Dobson. In six vols. Vols. II. to VI. 10s. 6d. net each. (Macmillan).

was indeed bound in shallows, but whose brave heart never harboured bitterness or despair.

From the purely literary point of view, the most remarkable feature of the Diary is that to its close it shows scarcely any trace of the deterioration of style so apparent in the writer's other work. Fanny Burney was a born diarist. The best pages in her novels are those which are written with the easy pen of the diarist. The intrusion of self-consciousness or any elaborate effort at construction is accompanied at once by a spate of Johnsonese. Only perhaps of diarists and letter-writers is it true that easy writing makes good reading. In a really good letter or diary a "purple patch" is a blot. Deliberate artistry is there out of place and spells insincerity. In her later fiction and in her memoirs of her father Madame D'Arblay attempted the grand style. These works serve no purpose now but as "awful examples" for writers of text-books on English composition. On the other hand, her diary and letters are informed with a simplicity and sincerity that will keep them sweet for all time.

The words which Southey too kindly wrote of the ill-starred Memoirs of Dr. Burney, Mr. Dobson fitly applies to the diary itself: "Except Boswell's, there is no other work in our language which carries us into such society and makes us fancy that we are acquainted with the persons to whom we are introduced." In his monograph in the English Men of Letters Series, Mr. Dobson himself passes the best eulogium on Fanny Burney's masterpiece: "King George and Queen Charlotte, Mrs. Schwellenberg and M. de Guiffardière, Johnson and Reynolds, Burke and Garrick, Sheridan, Cumberland, Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Delany, Omai and Count Orloff—stand before us in their habits as they lived, and we know them more intimately than Mr. Briggs, believe in them more implicitly than in Captain Mirvan, and laugh at them more honestly than at 'Madame French.' The diary of Mme D'Arblay deserves to rank with the great diaries of literature. It is nothing that it is egotistical, for egotism is of its essence; it is nothing that it is minute, its minuteness enforces the impression. It gives us a gallery of portraits which speak and move, and a picture of society which we recognise as substantially true to life."

J. H. LOBBAN.

A VETERAN ANTHROPOLOGIST.*

It is well-nigh a century ago since William Mariner, shipwrecked on the reefs of Tonga, and a captive in that island during four years, published his still unsurpassed account of the natives. Polynesia has been fortunate in its explorers, and Mariner's volumes—*longo intervallo*—have had valuable supplements, to name no others, in the narratives of the missionaries Williams, Ellis, Gill, and Codrington. To these is to be added the admirable work of a veteran anthropologist, the Rev. Lorimer Fison, whose sympathy is equalled only by his shrewdness of observation and insight.

Of the three broad divisions of Polynesia, the Melanesian group, which includes Fiji, has been especially rich in material for the study of races which are above the savage level, being in the intermediate or barbaric stage. For when the white man reached Fiji he found the inhabitants advanced from the precarious nomadic state to that of the agricultural, living in well-built and decorated dwellings, and possessed of large war canoes. Their hospitality was truly Arab in character to strangers, so long as no carnivorous eye was cast upon their guests. The once universal practice of cannibalism among the Polynesians warrants Mr. Fison's discussion of its probable origin in his Introduction. Reviewing the several theories, the most plausible of which is that the savage believes in the absorption of the qualities of whatever he eats, Mr. Fison reaches the conclusion which best meets all the facts, namely, that scarcity of animal food drives man to anthropophagy. "Hunger," he says, "is stronger than superstition; it is stronger than revenge. Man is a carnivorous animal, whatever the vegetarians may say, and in a savage state of society if he cannot get the food for which his stomach craves, he will 'kusima'—that is, crave after meat, and eat his brother." The volume is of high value in the material for comparison which it supplies to the student of folklore and religion. This is to be particularly noted in the examples of customs identical in nature among peoples at like levels of culture, between whom there has been no intercourse in historic times, and probably none in prehistoric. Such, among others, is the practice of burying a victim beneath the foundations of a building as a sacrifice to the Earth-spirit, thus appeasing the spirit, and securing the stability of the structure. Then, too, there is the crushing of victims as rollers on launching a war canoe, as did the Vikings, who bound men to the rollers, saturating the vessel's keel with blood, a custom of which the "christening" of a ship at her launching may be a survival. Mr. Fison also supplies illustrations of "sympathetic magic," or the imitation of a cause to produce a desired effect, as when an image of some enemy is made, and left to decay, the man thus bewitched also wasting away. But the apparatus of the sorcerer appears the same everywhere, and Mr. Fison adds testimony that this is no mere coincidence, but further proof that the attitude of the human mind, the primal identity of which is established, is the same before the same phenomena, giving these like explanations, and adopting like methods towards them.

Among the tales in this volume is a variant of the widespread legend of the origin of death, a legend found in Greece, India, South Africa, Australia, and elsewhere, the essence of each being the infliction of death as penalty for infringement of taboo, or for disobedience of the command of the gods. In Polynesian myth, Maui, the greatest of the gods, fishes up Tonga and the other islands from the sea-depths, and sails back to his home, Bulotu. Then Ata his son and a few of the younger gods plot to escape to the new lands, and, making Maui drunk with kava, steal away. To them death comes as punishment, and their souls, carried to Bulotu, are used as stakes for the fences and bars for the gates of the offended god. A well-chosen series of photographs of types of the Fijians and their surroundings increases the value of a book indispensable to the anthropologist, and charged with interest for the general reader.

EDWARD CLODD.

* "Tales from Old Fiji." By Lorimer Fison. 7s. 6d. net. (Alexander Moring. The De La More Press.)

SOME GARDEN BOOKS.*

Of these books the first two concern New Zealand, and those American States whose climate is most nearly like our own.

It is somewhat surprising to learn that in New Zealand "a greenhouse is almost as common an appendage to a house as a bathroom," when on the next and succeeding pages we are told that the climate allows of the open-air growth of such plants as Stephanotis, Hoya carnosa, Heliotrope, Clianthus Dampieri, Acacia dealbata, Oleander, Lapageria, Lemons, Plumbago capensis, and Poinciana Gilliesii. This points to a climate akin to that of the happiest of the Mediterranean regions, such as favours the growth of the immense range of what are classed as subtropical and temperate plants. With all but the wisest of gardeners, who try to show in their grounds the best that can be done with the plants that suit their own climate, there seems to be an insensate striving towards the growing of things that belong to some other, generally warmer, latitude. There are gardens near Palermo, in Sicily, that have every climatic advantage, where, instead of showing any of the many beautiful effects that are well within the bounds of their own possibilities, are grown several varieties of Palms, and plants of spiky foliage from the warmer regions of South Africa; as if it were thought that a collection of plants, strainedly exotic, was a better thing to have than examples of beautiful gardening done with plants more suitable to the place.

The book has some pleasant human touches, but is generally marred by an effort to be sprightly, and by various redundancies of expression, such as "extremely fatal." A

* "My New Zealand Garden." By a Suffolk Lady. 3s. 6d. (Elliot Stock.)
"Another Hardy Garden Book." By Helena Rutherford Ely. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
"The Book of Garden Design." By Charles Thonger. 2s. 6d. (John Lane.)
"How to Make and Manage a Garden." By William F. Rowles. 2s. 6d. (C. A. Pearson.)
"Greenhouses: How to Make and Manage them." By William F. Rowles. 1s. (C. A. Pearson.)

Fanny Burney.

M. D'Arblay.

Madame D'Arblay's House,
11, Bolton St., Piccadilly.

Dr. Charles Burney.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., from "The Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay, 1778-1840." Edited by Austin Dobson.)

list of shrubs and plants at the end will be useful to those who are beginning gardening in the colony.

"Another Hardy Garden Book" is not very ambitious. It has in it some pleasant reading, and is written in a way that is modest and sympathetic, but it is necessarily of use for the temperate American States rather than for English gardens. It adds a few good recipes for cooking vegetables. Its aim is quite homely.

Any reference to modern gardening in the United States brings to mind the tendency that certainly exists, at least in the more important places, to attempt an imitation of the methods and detail of the gardens of the Italian Renaissance. The climate and conditions of life in the northern and middle States are so entirely at variance with those of Italy that it is to be hoped that this kind of striving for the impossible will not continue; especially as the well-defined style, known as "Colonial," with its modest hint at classical form and detail, suits the country admirably, and would seem to be the very best form of expression in garden practice.

In "The Book of Garden Design" there is not much of original thought or observation; it is not unhelpful, but is a general résumé of what has been written on the subject within the last forty years; so that the enquirer, though he will find plenty of common sense, especially in Chapter II., "on general principles," will miss that desirable quality of conveying inspiration that produces the lively mental impression.

The battle of the styles has been fought over and over again, and hard blows have been given and returned. The truth would appear to be that everything in the way of style or of free treatment must be determined in accordance with the conditions and environment of the individual place. The classical house of some importance demands, as to its nearer regions, gardening of some formality, that should be either designed, or at any rate prompted and approved by the architect. Houses of no particular style may be treated in almost any one of the many ways into which the form of a garden may be cast. The only thing that matters is that the owner or his adviser should be able to perceive which way is the best for that particular place, and that something definite should be aimed at. Nothing is more unsatisfactory, or unfortunately more frequent, than what is commonly known as the gardener's garden; where the servant, whose business it is to grow and tend plants, but whose education cannot possibly have included matters of garden design, is left to do as he pleases. The result is usually plants in straight rows, or a mixed border composed of material jumbled in a hap-hazard way, or some disastrous colour-mixtures; treatment that can only show how poor a result may come from good plants well grown but badly used.

The two books by Mr. Rowles are useful horticultural handbooks.

GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

BARABBAS AT BAY.*

The author with a grievance who has bought this book in the belief that Barabbas had at length mounted the stool of repentance will only have a new grievance. For mark the title well. In it alone you may see the hand of the cunning publisher. Had it read "Confessions," you had some reason to look for the appearance of our publisher in a white sheet. But by his tactful use of the singular he has manifestly every right to get up boldly, as he does here, and proclaim the confession not of his sins, but of his faith. The ruse is not likely to conciliate the author with grievance. Nor, if he stays to listen to the artful publisher, is his cerebral excitement likely to decrease. For the publisher makes no concessions, apologises not at all. He waves his snow-white banner defiantly from the giddy heights of an unassailable rectitude. "A self-respecting worm," he shouts, "would have turned long ago. Even the publisher now is beginning to turn." Authors at last have gone a little too far. Barabbas is at bay.

"Publishing, as publishing," says our publisher, "is the least profitable of all the professions, except preaching and teaching, to each of which it is a sort of cousin." This unsuspected relationship is clearly enough established by our publisher's own practice. For, like Coleridge, he preaches overmuch. And the reasoning is, for the most part, rhetorical rather than logical. Do publishers reap rich rewards? Well, they could easily do better if they took to banks or railways. Are publishers really honourable men? All the reputable certainly are. Do publishers read manuscripts? Every manuscript, except the obviously worthless, is read five times. Are publishers bubbling over with human kindness? Every great publishing-house is founded on the rock of love. Thus speaketh the worm that has turned. Our only doubt is that in the excess of its long-repressed energy the worm has turned a somersault and landed precisely where it was before.

The entire question of the relation of author and publisher is treated here, as it always is, with a solemnity that borders on the ludicrous. For this state of things authors and publishers are alike to blame. By an absurd and obsolete tradition, fostered for purposes of picturesqueness by literary biographers, literature, to those outside the pale, is pictured as a dim and mysterious region, in which innocent and heedless lambs are pursued by wolves and vultures. For our own part, we have never seen anything in reality to correspond with this hardy figment. The ladies and gentlemen of to-day who write with ease are a striking refutation of our declining genius for commercial aptitude. The skilled among them have nothing to fear from any publisher in financial jiu-jitsu; for the unskilled there are hired champions, eager and willing to fight for them.

On the other hand, publishers have been only too fond of the rôle of Codlin or Short. There has been overmuch unctuous talk about sentiment. The publisher, says our confessor, "is a business man, but not a mere business man. He must be something more. He is a professional man also." Granted. But why talk so much about what should be an obvious pre-supposition? We cannot ourselves see anything in the least singular in the bond that connects author and publisher. A lawyer does not patronise his client, nor continually remind him of the tender sentiment of the relationship. It is merely a question of honesty and ability on the one hand, and well-grounded confidence on the other. In publishing it is precisely the same. We are convinced that the foolish prattle against publishers is mainly due to their own indiscretion in posing as something more than "business men." The attitude necessarily begets suspicion and mistrust. No profession, as our publisher rightly claims, is richer in the potentialities of invaluable friendship. The history of our great English publishing-houses is eloquent as to this. But a publisher's business is to publish. The only thing he should not publish, except in due season, is the record of the friendly relationship with his clients, which is not a part of his business but its amenity and reward.

On all this side of the question we cannot but think that our publisher has fallen into the usual mischievous error. When he "cuts the cackle," he is as shrewd as the title of his book led us to expect. Not that there is anything new or very suggestive in his book. But it is full of plain good sense, expressed with American pithiness. We are convinced that no author or publisher will read it without profit. And in saying this we cannot but feel the glow arising of magnanimity. For it is not the author whom our publisher attacks. The author is the best of men. Irritable? Not a bit of it. In a long career our publisher has only twice "suffered a discourtesy." And the villains were not minor poets or novelists, but only two sulky "philosophers." This is hard on "pure reason," but is a good retort to Horace and such-like vilifiers of the gentle knights who go pricking with a quill. But we weep for the reviewer of novels. His case is only worse than that of the publisher's reader, whose reports are of value only as read negatively.

The reading of this little book has enabled us with some accuracy to conjure up the ideal American publishing-house of next century. The room for the publisher's readers is a large circular chamber, containing some fifty roll-top desks. At each sits an expert reader, and in the centre is the distributing office, from which each manuscript, according to its subject, is shot pneumatically to its appointed reader. At one point in the circle we see a broken man in clerical attire wrestling with a book on the minor prophets; next to him is a jaded woman, apparently a tired sempstress, busily sampling "anodyne" fiction. Further round the circle the bored office-boy, laying aside his cigarette, samples in a blasé manner the piquant

* "A Publisher's Confession." 2s. net. (Gay and Bird.)

The Pump Room at Bath, Exterior, 1804.

The Pump Room at Bath, Interior, 1804.

St. James's Park and Buckingham Palace, 1790.

(Reproduced, by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., from "The Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay." Six vols. Edited by Austin Dobson.)

manuscript of a penny dreadful; and the last figure our eye rests on is that of the emaciated Emotional Fiction Expert, who is furtively wiping away a tear. This is the goal of efficiency and specialisation.

A PUBLISHER'S READER.

A MASTER OF DIALECTIC.*

"The great problems of life cannot be solved on the plane of thought, and yet it is our duty to try to think them out." This dictum may be said to be the starting-point of Mr. Holmes's essay. It emphasises the personal element in philosophical thought, makes use of the idea of a subliminal self, and maintains that a latent optimism is embedded in the processes of life. "The conclusion of the whole matter" is that "the function of philosophy is to interpret and justify to man's reason the unconquerable optimism of his heart." The little book is a pleasantly-written appeal for an attitude which is too personal to call for criticism.

The volume of lectures and essays by the late Professor Sidgwick is of an altogether different order of merit. Like all his writings, it is strictly impersonal in tone. It is addressed to readers who are willing to take some little trouble in following an argument and who are prepared to follow wheresoever the argument leads. The present is the fifth volume of the author's works to appear since his death; and, like the volume on "Philosophy: Its Scope and Relations," it has been prepared for the press from the author's manuscript by Professor James Ward. It consists of two parts of unequal length. The first and longer is an examination of the leading arguments used by Kant in establishing his philosophical position, along with a criticism, more fragmentary than the examination of Kant, but similar in its plan, of the metaphysics of T. H. Green and Herbert Spencer. The second part of the volume contains essays on philosophical topics, all of which have already been published in *Mind*, with the exception of a paper on the Sophists which is reprinted from the *Journal of Philology*.

Photo Elliott & Fry. **The late Professor Henry Sidgwick.**

The lectures on Kant are the most striking portion of the book, and constitute an important contribution to the criticism of the Critical Philosophy. The chain of Kantian arguments is submitted to logical tests, and over and over again an important link in the chain is seen to break under the stress of the author's dialectic. The method is indeed quite simple and direct. Kant has set forth a series of arguments, and Sidgwick asks whether the arguments are sound, and gives reasons for holding that, in most cases, they are not sound. The notable thing is that while Kant has been read and criticised for close upon a century and a quarter, Sidgwick's straightforward discussion of him impresses one not merely by its keenness and its lucidity but by its novelty. It contains something which other critics have not given us. At the same time it lacks something with which Kantian scholars have rendered us familiar. Hence the feeling of novelty which the book produces. There is no doubt that Sidgwick is grappling with the real Kant, and yet with a Kant somehow shrunken from the hero who destroyed the old philosophy and furnished the main ideas for the thought of the nineteenth century.

The truth is that to Kant, as to any thinker struggling to express new ideas, two methods of criticism may be applied. We may endeavour to understand these new ideas, to find out what is valuable in them, and then to show how the author succeeded in working them out, and how far his expression of them is conditioned and restricted by the older modes of thought from which they have emerged. On the whole, this has been the favourite method of Kantian commentators; and it enables us to understand the importance of Kant's own work, and the brilliant efforts of constructive speculation by which it was followed But there is another side to every philosopher's work—the way in which he elaborated his ideas and formed them into a system. Kant was pre-eminently a system-builder. His arguments are combined so as to form a coherent structure. And Sidgwick's book is of peculiar value because it recognises the systematic and reasoned character of Kant's philosophy and subjects these features of his work to minute and searching criticism.

The lectures on T. H. Green and on Herbert Spencer are less complete than the lectures on Kant. But they show the same qualities: concentration on the main arguments, skill in disentangling complications and exposing ambiguities, and a mastery not of logical fence merely, but of sound reasoning. The lectures were intended to form part of a work on Kantism and Kantian influence in England. Green's ideas were to a large extent a development from Kant's. But Kantian influence took a very indirect route in reaching Spencer, who did not take much trouble to understand what Kant had said. The "complicated set of inconsistencies" which constitutes Spencer's metaphysical doctrine is the result of his characteristic method of selecting from any quarter the bits of argument and fact which seem to fall in with his design. And Sidgwick's examination leads one to apply to it as a whole his final characterisation of one portion: "Really, the long discussion in which Spencer first seems to be maintaining natural realism, and then proceeds to denaturalise it, has all the serious incongruity of a metaphysical dream!"

The various essays and lectures which are reprinted in the second part of the book are appropriately preserved in this place. The first essay—on the Sophists—is an elaborate and convincing defence of Grote's view of their teach-

* "What is Philosophy?" By Edmond Holmes. 83 pp., 2s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

"Lectures on the Philosophy of Kant and other Philosophical Lectures and Essays." By the late Henry Sidgwick. Pp. x., 475. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

ing, and was originally published more than thirty years ago. The other papers are of more recent date, and are of special interest from the light they shed on Sidgwick's own position in philosophy. The essay on the "Incoherence of Empirical Philosophy" shows why he found empiricism as unsatisfactory as Kantism. In the article on "Criteria of Truth and Error," which is now supplemented by an appendix from the author's unpublished papers, he criticises the infallible criteria offered by Rationalists and Empiricists, and converts the "search after an absolute test of truth to the humbler task of devising modes of excluding error." The lecture on the "Philosophy of Common Sense" is a masterly defence of the originality and value of Reid's criticism of Hume, and of his theory of natural realism. Its free and eloquent style shows the author's sympathy with his subject. Indeed his own standpoint may be described as natural realism—accepted only provisionally, however. Even in this lecture he will not rule out the "attempts to transcend and rationally account for the beliefs of common sense." "Our age," he says, "which has seen so many things achieved that were once thought impossible, may without presumption contemplate such attempts in a somewhat more hopeful spirit than was possible to Reid." Perhaps the most brilliant thing in the whole volume is the short "Dialogue on Time and Common Sense." It is an account (in which imagination is allowed "to supplement the defects of memory") of an actual conversation with a Russian professor, "who, I ought to say, spoke English with a fluency rarely attained out of Russia." The "dialogue" is an inimitable specimen of Sidgwick's delicate humour and nimble dialectics. No answer is given to the Russian's question, "What do you think really exists?" But all points tell, even when they lead to no positive conclusion. And the same may be said of the whole book.

W. R. SORLEY.

LA PETITE BRETAGNE.*

Should topographical books have illustrations? Without trying to discover if the reproduction process has or has not improvements to make, let us put the more primitive question, "What good came of it at last?" I should presume that books of this character are chiefly read by those who know the country, and this is as it should be, for an æsthetic guide is not to be digested till the places have been seen. If such a book—well done—falls into the hands of one who has not seen the country it depicts, and has no hope of seeing it, he will assuredly be miserable. He will be spent with longing, and however philosophical that state may be from time to time, it is not well if it is permanent. Describe in letterpress all that you will of imaginable glories—as, for instance, Paradise is painted by hymn-writers—and the desire to go there will be held within restraint. But with an authentic illustration it is different.

Now, the number of people who read books at all (that is, books which count as such) is not large, and among them we must reckon those who once have suffered from a book of this kind and refuse to be beguiled again. These coloured topographical works have been quite numerous, so that by this time their respective audiences have probably been found among those who have seen the country. Whether these books will be a joy to them is another matter, for an artist will not often represent a place with just that colouring it has assumed in the reader's memory. Let the artist be too much or too little of a poet—the reader will be equally dissatisfied, and for the future he may threaten to confine himself to photographs. But, waiving that, the Breton land is opposite these shores, and though Miss Menpes says that "during our month's tour in Brittany we had not met one English or American traveller," it must be clear to anyone who crosses from Southampton to St. Malo that the crowds of English who flock over there are both gigantic and amazing. Even the ship-owners are lost in perennial amazement that more people should be crossing than the boats were built for. I do not wish to dwell on them in any way, but possibly the fewness of our countrymen in Morbihan and Finistère is owing to the passage which has rendered them unfit for anything but Dinan or St. Malo or Dinard.

This book begins at Douarnenez, where the fishing fleet and the cobbled road and the general atmosphere are very well described, and we are pleasantly aware that this is going to be a good book, worth lingering over. But the makers of it do not do themselves justice in this first chapter. "Grandmère" is, perhaps, the worst of the pictures, which is not saying much. An aged woman dressed as I have never seen them at Douarnenez is holding up a child as if to say: "Please make an illustration of us"; so that she may have donned the garment specially for this occasion. There is a background of green and blue; the former is apparently a field, but what the blue may be I know not. Certainly it is not the sea, for the similarity Miss Menpes notes between that and cornflowers does not extend beyond the colour. It cannot be the sea, because it is a blue strip which is lying not behind the meadow but upon it. As we are talking about colour, in which Miss Menpes literally revels (and this time it is most proper to use the word "literally"), does not the chapter on Douarnenez suggest that she piles it on a little too profusely? She may retort that if we do not see her blues and greens and reds it is our blindness, but that is what the people said when the fairy-tale king went riding naked through the streets. The colour of that king was natural, and the courageous boy who said he saw it was quite fortunate, because in place of gorgeous ermine he saw the most delicate and transitory shades. True, it was an autumn afternoon when Douarnenez shone splendid for Miss Menpes, but one would have preferred if she had started in an afternoon of Loti's drizzle. The Celtic charm would have been over us, wnat time the rain fell ever so finely, fell on the mountain's gorse so uselessly. And, alas! why did not Miss Menpes go by the narrow gauge railway to Audierne? Her sense of humour, which is charming, would have had the guard to trifle with—the genial, amorous, dirty guard who, among other noticeable acts, does regularly descend at a large box (which is one of the wayside stations) in order to unlock it. Nobody gets out of it, nobody gets into it. He beckons to the driver, waves his flag, the engine whistles, he waves once more, the engine whistles loudly, the train is jerking and he jumps aboard. It would have been delightful, too, if Mr. Menpes had given us a picture of Saint Croix's aisle, and that is not hackneyed like Mont St. Michel, which he ignores. His cottage scenes, *du reste*, are warmly Dutch; his ancient people are Rembrandtesque (and the Bretons do not wait long before growing into that condition).

For the subsequent editions of this volume I would point out that the name on page 12 should be Georges, while that on page 225 and following should not be Mme. Sévigné. But Miss Menpes errs in excellent company, for the late Empress Frederick could never understand why the prefix mattered, or why the "von" in foolish Herr von Schultz entitled him to be addressed before Professor Schmidt. Otherwise, on the subject of the Sévigné Miss Menpes is very good.

In such books it is better that the artist and the writer should not go always hand-in-hand. If a certain independence, as in this volume, is preserved, neither the one nor the other of them is subsidiary. But can it be the writer's sense of humour which has placed that particular illustration called "La Petite Marie" on page 240, where it forms, as it were, the frontispiece of a chapter called "A Romantic Land"? Little Mary, with an expression of sadness, is holding her hand to her side. And yet she, too, seems to have prepared herself to be painted. Instead of the usual black, she is attired in blue, and she has taken off the usual *sabots*, so that one can see what are, no doubt, unusual feet. But I am prejudiced; I feel uncharitable towards her and towards another Marie in this book, for neither of them is my Marie. *She* lives at the Lion d'Or, in Quimperlé, and when I met her for the first time (not, I hope, for the last), it was at the conclusion of a long day's journey. She smiled upon you like the patron saint of hope, and when the darkness had fallen, and she flitted here and there, I was too tired for anything except to write some verses. "Que faites-vous là?" she inquired. "Je vous donne," said I, "l'immortalité." "Qu' est-ce que c'est que cela?" quoth she. Your brush, Mr. Menpes, might have answered her.

HENRY BERNARD.

* "Brittany." Painted by Mortimer Menpes. Text by Dorothy Menpes. 20s. (A. and C. Black.)

INDIAN LOVE.*

"Indian Love" has a claim to sympathy which would redeem the shortcomings even of far inferior poetry—it is the last utterance. Never again shall we hear the impassioned accents of the authoress of "The Garden of Kama," those songs unique among the poetry of their day for a consuming intensity of passion, recalling the strains of Sappho, like Sappho's, too, in this, that it seemed equally difficult to attribute them as a whole to a woman or to a man. Unfortunately, but inevitably, a germ of decline came into being along with the very birth of this glowing inspiration. The poetry of passion, like passion itself, is a being of brief date. The first utterances are almost necessarily the finest, and when the impulse that created them is exhausted the singer must "fold his tent like the Arab and silently steal away," a proceeding scarcely possible to a simple and ardent nature. Had Laurence Hope, like George Sand, been capable of transferring her emotional enthusiasm to historical romance, or social politics, or the idyll of country life, she might have won a great name, but emotion with her was absorbed by a single passion; like that other Hope of Mr. Watts's canvas, she had but one string to her lyre. Hence her more recent volumes evidence a decrease of power; the feeling remains, but the ardour has cooled down. When, in her second volume, "Stars of the Desert," she forsook India for Morocco, the evident decline to a lower level might have been excused by the comparative infertility of the theme. India and "Laurence Hope" were made for each other, and her return in her last volume to the land of her predilection was well advised. It cannot, nevertheless, be said that she prevailed to "recapture the first fine careless rapture." Not only are the original fire and energy abated, but awkward and prosaic lines are suffered to creep in, instances of which it would have been worth while to point out for the authoress's admonition if we had not lost her, but with which it would be idle to vex "the dull cold ear of Death."

Photo Beresford.

The late Laurence Hope.
Author of "Indian Love."

On the whole, the authoress would in this volume seem to have been intent upon preserving whatever she felt to be characteristic, rather than of displaying her highest power. It would have been better to have bequeathed the flowers of the volume for subsequent transplanting into "The Garden of Kama," which itself could afford to shed many blossoms. It is to be hoped that an editor of all three volumes may some day arise to sift and to combine, for Laurence Hope ought not to be allowed to suffer by the perpetuation of inferior work. She is not only a writer of genius, but a writer with a field all her own, and likely to remain so. In the kingdom of poetry, as in the kingdom of heaven, there are many mansions. When the selection is made, "The Garden of Kama" will claim the lion's share. There is, nevertheless, one poem in this volume ("Nay, not to-night") instinct with all the former power and passion, but the situation will not be readily apprehended by all, and the following beautiful descriptive lyric is better adapted for general popularity:—

MY DESIRE.

Fate has given me many a gift
To which men must aspire,
Lovely, precious, and costly things,
But not my heart's desire.

Many a man has a secret dream
Of where his soul would be;
Mine is a low verandahed house,
In a tope beside the sea.

Over the roof tall palms should wave,
Swaying from side to side,
Every night we should fall asleep
To the rhythm of the tide.

The dawn should be gay with songs of birds,
And the stir of fluttering wings;
Surely the joy of life is hid
In simple and tender things!

At eve the waves would shimmer with gold
In the rosy sunset rays,
Emerald velvet flats of rice
Would rest the landward gaze.

A boat must rock at the laterite steps
In a reef-protected pool,
For we should sail through the starlit night
When the winds were calm and cool.

I am so tired of all this world,
Its folly and fret and care,
Find me a little scented home
Amongst thy loosened hair.

Give me a soft and secret place
Against thine amber breast,
Where, hidden away from all mankind,
My soul may come to rest.

Many a man has a secret dream
Of where his life might be;
Mine is a lovely, lonely place
With sunshine and the sea.

R. GARNETT.

* "Indian Love." By Laurence Hope, author of "The Garden of Kama." 5s. net. (London: William Heinemann. New York: John Lane.)

WAGNER AND MATHILDE WESENDONCK.*

Of all the volumes of Wagner's correspondence that have appeared, the latest is by far the most interesting, as it is certainly the most intimate. One may cavil at the inclusion of such trivial letters as, for example, "I'm sending to the bookbinder, and should like to get 'Star of Seville,' etc., bound at the same time. Do you still require it first?" but, on the whole, Mr. Ashton Ellis has done his

* "Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonck." Translated, prefaced, etc., by William Ashton Ellis. (Grevel and Co.)

work well.* His introductory and valedictory chapters are admirable, and it scarcely counts as a fault, coming from a hero-worshipper, that as he unfolds the tale he makes it clear his sympathies are with Wagner. On this point most readers will probably differ from him, for, as I shall endeavour to show, the sympathy is due elsewhere.

The story is not new to students of Wagner's life, but it has never before been unfolded in such detail. Wagner, in the fortieth year of his age and the sixteenth of his marriage, met Otto Wesendonck and his beautiful wife Mathilde. He was strongly attracted to her; and her heart at first, and for long, approached him "shyly, diffidently, hesitant, and timid, but thereafter more and more decidedly and surely." Frau Wesendonck soon took her husband into her confidence. It was a cruel kindness. At first Wesendonck may have deluded himself with the hope that it was a passing fancy, but his suffering was great as time went on and he realised the strength of the attachment. He became more and more jealous, sadder and more sad. It is easy to believe Mr. Ellis when he says it was with the greatest difficulty Mathilde brought him to the fullest resignation. "With what sacrifices and combats this could but be attended may easily be judged," Wagner wrote to his sister, Clara Wolfram. "What made its achievement possible to her could only be the depth and the sublimity of her attachment, remote from all self-seeking, which gave her power to show herself to her husband as of such stature that, if she ended by threatening her own death, he needs must abstain from her and prove his unshakable love, even by upholding her in her solicitude for me."

Mathilde Wesendonck.

(Reproduced from "The Letters of Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonck," by kind permission of Messrs. Grevel & Co.)

Wesendonck made his renunciation, partly for the sake of his children, much more, it may be believed, for the sake of his children's mother. He must have been a great-hearted man. One less noble would have commanded that the intercourse should cease, and, finding his legitimate order set at defiance, would have sent the woman from him. Not so Wesendonck. His soul was grand enough to enable him to hold out his hand to Wagner and to assist him, for the sake of the woman he loved, who loved another. This is the tragedy of the story.

There was yet another victim. Wagner's wife became suspicious of the intimacy. Though always a jealous woman, for years she tolerated the companionship—which, we have it on Wagner's authority, never violated morals. At last, however, the strain upon her forbearance was too great. She intercepted a letter from Mathilde, and, though there was nothing in it which she could construe into guilt, there were endearing expressions. Then followed a scene between the two women, provoked by the wife, after which Mathilde reproached her lover with not having confided his passion to his wife as she had confided hers to her husband. Frau Wagner, always delicate, was made ill by this trouble and excitement; but her husband, untouched by remorse, thought she had neglected an opportunity to prove herself a good wife and true by allowing the comradeship to continue without protest.

A protest must be registered against Mr. Ellis's new plan of indexing. He does not repeat in this index the figures denoting tens and hundreds for one and the same reference. Thus, for Löwenberg Concerts, 324, 326, 362, he prints 324, 6, 62. In any case this is not an improvement, and if the note on the first page of the index has been overlooked—as is more than likely, for one does not read an index through from a to z—confusion is inevitable.

He sent her to recuperate in Germany, determined not to follow, but of this he said nothing to her. "Whatever you can do to make her calm and reasonable, I beg you will not leave undone. Let her gradually come to know how she stands with me," he wrote to his sister; and to the same correspondent he spoke of his "unhappy wedlock," which, he declared, his wife did not realise. "She really is unfortunate. She would have been happier with a lesser man." It seems as if he never realised the wrong he did her. She would have been happier with a *lesser* man! She might have been happier with a *better* man! It would be difficult to find in biography the story of a love more selfish and cruel than that of Richard Wagner and Mathilde Wesendonck.

The correspondence on Wagner's side consists of 148 letters, written from 1852 until 1871. There are not only love-letters. He wrote to her in the first flush of joy: "The great outburst duet between Tristan and Isolde has turned out beautiful beyond all measure." He wrote when he could not compose: "And my dear Muse still stays afar. In silence I awaited her visit; with pleadings I would not disquiet her. For the Muse, like Love, beatifies but freely. Woe to the fool, woe to the loveless, who fain would constrain what will not yield itself of its free will. They cannot be constrained; is it not so? Not so? How could Love be Muse withal, did it let itself be forced? And my dear Muse stays far from me." He told her of the conflict of his soul—

"When a month gone by I told thy husband my resolve to break off personal commune with you [*euch*, plural], I had given thee up, albeit I was not yet altogether whole in that. For I merely felt that nothing save a total separation, or a total union, could secure our love. . . . Thus the sense of the necessity of our parting was haunted by the possibility—present to the mind, if not the will—of union. In that still lay a racking suspense, which neither of us could bear. I approached thee, and clear as day it stood before us, that that other possibility involved a crime which could not be so much as thought of. But hereby the necessity of our renunciation of itself acquired another character; the strain resolved into a gentle reconcilement. The last taint of egoism vanished from my heart, and now my decision to visit you [*euch*] was the triumph of purest humanity over the last stirring of selfish desire. I wished naught any longer but to reconcile, assuage, console—cheer up; and thus procure myself the only happiness that can still come to me."

So Wagner wrote to his love in triumph and in doubt, in content or in fear, pouring out his heart, loyally, sincerely, sometimes in passages that rank among the prose poems of the German language.

"'The waning moon now rises late,' he wrote from Venice in 1858. 'After sunset I regularly took a gondola to meet it, towards the Lido, for the battle 'twixt day and night was always an entrancing vision in this limpid sky; to the right, amid the dusk-rose æther, gleaming kindly bright the evening star; the moon in full splendour cast its flashing net towards me in the sea. Then when I turned my back upon it for the journey home, my gaze—athwart toward where thou dwellest, and whence thou look'dst towards the moon—would meet the comet, stern and brilliant, with its tail of waning light, close above my affinity, the Wagoner. For me it had no terrors, just as nothing can inspire me any more with fear, because I absolutely have no hope, no future more; rather, I could but smile quite earnestly at people's awe of such a visitant, and choose it with a certain insolent pride for my star. I could see nothing in it but the unaccustomed, dazzling, marvellous. Am I such a comet myself? . . . I could not lose it from my ken again. Silent and at peace I reached the gaily-lighted, ever-lively Piazetta. Then down we go to the melancholy, grave canal; to left and right stand lordly palaces; without a sound; only the gentle gliding

of the gondola, the splashing of the oar, broad shadows from the moon. At my dumb palace steps I disembark; wide halls and spaces, now inhabited by me alone. The lamp is burning, I pick up a book, read little, ponder much. All's still. Music there on the canal! An illuminated gondola with singers and musicians; more and still more boats with listeners follow in its wake; the flotilla spans the breadth of the canal, gliding all but moveless past. Fine voices, passable instruments, render songs. All is ear. Then, scarcely perceptible, it curves round the bend and vanishes still more imperceptibly. For long I still hear the tones, ennobled and transfigured by the midnight stillness, tones that as art could hardly captivate me, but had here become part of nature. At last all ceases. . . .'"

LEWIS MELVILLE.

THE GREAT CHARTER.*

A commentary on Magna Carta. We have been waiting for it for many years. The "Leges Henrici Primi," the Dialogus de Scaccario, Bracton's Notebook, The Manorial Pleas, and the chronicles have found their editors, but the great charter of King John (we must no longer say "signed" on June 15th), not adequately re-edited since Thomson published his edition in 1829, has so far not been honoured with a volume to itself. Mr. McKechnie is to be congratulated on his courage in attempting so critical a task—for has not Stubbs said that the whole of the constitutional history of England is little more than a commentary on Magna Carta?—and on the learning, skill, and insight with which he has focussed the resources of ancient and modern scholarship on what unquestionably is the most important and fruitful single document in British history. How necessary a correct interpretation of that document is will probably only be properly appreciated by the scholars who have wrestled with the difficulties with which every phrase in the text bristles, with the vast literature that has grown up round these difficulties, with the pit-falls and side-issues into which the central problems draw the explorer. In one sense, no doubt, Stubbs' classical treatise, an epoch-making book in its subject if ever there was one, still holds the field, but since 1873 the soil of that cockpit of historic controversies has been subjected by the scholars of the modern school to a minute, searching, skilled, and sceptical re-analysis, and their conflicting conclusions largely left to the student to garner and sift for himself. Turn to Mr. McKechnie's bibliography, and mark the number of noteworthy books whose date is later than 1873; remember what some of the chief writers—Freeman, Round, Seebohm, Pollock, Maitland, Vinogradoff, Pike, Prothero, Norgate, Bémont, Ramsay, Liebermann, Thayer—have done in adding to, modifying, qualifying, and correcting our knowledge, and we may well be grateful at the outset to a worker who is ready to devote some years to classifying and combining their results, and subjecting them for his own purposes to an independent examination. Mr. McKechnie, so far as I am capable of judging, has spared no pains to master the literature and sources, original or otherwise; and he presents the results in a style that is most admirably clear, straightforward, and simple. Prof. Maitland, as we all know, enjoys the unique privilege, as Mr. Gladstone said of Döllinger, of manipulating an erudition as vast as the host of Xerxes with the grace and ease that Leonidas manœuvred his three hundred; but students of constitutional history will thank Mr. McKechnie for giving them a book which, just because every sentence is clear and to the point, is a pleasure to read. And it would have been so easy to have allowed the weight and complexity of the learning to result in diffuseness, obscurity, and dulness.

The title of a commentary conveys so many misconceptions that, in justice to a remarkable contribution to historical science, it is desirable to explain briefly what readers will find in Mr. McKechnie's six hundred odd pages. The commentary proper does not begin until page 214, when it takes the form of printing in separate sections each of the sixty-three chapters of the document with a translation, followed by such annotations and text as the subject matter seems to require. These annotations are really historical excursuses; some are elaborate essays, in which is put together a critical discussion of the points involved, and an excellent idea of their form, substance, and value can be obtained by turning to the sections dealing with the famous Clauses 12 and 14, or Clause 18, or, say, Clause 39. The first two hundred pages are very properly assigned to preliminary matter, a series of answers roughly to obvious and pertinent questions which arise out of a textual study of the document, but without answers to which certainly the document cannot be understood or placed in its proper perspective, *e.g.*, What is Magna Carta? Who were the barons who obtained it? Why did they do so? What were their objects, and how far did they attain them, and with what results? What is the history of Magna Carta after 1215? What other charters preceded it, and why? Hard questions indeed, taking us back to the Norman Conquest at least. Finally in an appendix we get the text of various documents illustrative of Magna Carta, a bibliography, and a full index.

This outline will show how wide is the ground that the commentary covers, and nothing would be easier, nor more unfair, than to pick holes both in the scheme and in the performance because this is omitted or that treated too curtly. No doubt we should like, for example, to have a fuller discussion of the Charter of Henry I., or an examination of the controverted clauses in the Constitutions of Clarendon dealing with "criminous clerks" and their relation to "benefit of clergy," and so on; but we must remember that it is no part of the author's plan to write a constitutional history, nor a political narrative, nor to examine the reign of Henry II. He has undertaken to furnish a commentary on and not a history of Magna Carta, and I gather that he interprets that broadly to imply an attempt to explain as succinctly as possible, with all the aid that historical research can give him, exactly why and what this document meant to the man of 1215, and what, therefore, it ought to mean for us. That this is in itself a sufficiently formidable task will be clear to any reader who has any knowledge of the subject.

And assuredly there is enough in this volume to satisfy the most critical appetite. Throughout Mr. McKechnie is dealing with specialists on their own grounds, and some of the chief difficulties are such as could only be satisfactorily discussed separately and at great length. I must be content simply to note a few points out of many. On page 121 he catches Mr. Round tripping. Pages 124 and following are occupied with deciding what we are to call Magna Carta, "a formal act of legislation"? a treaty? a declaration of rights? a statute? a code? Despite high authority for each of these, none is considered satisfactory, and our editor combines them into his own definition (page 129), which occupies six lines of print. Quite recently Prof. Vinogradoff has pronounced for calling it a stabilimentum, or établissement (*Law Quarterly Review*, July, 1905), and takes a page and a-half to explain the term. On page 143 Stubbs' view about the villeins is rejected, not without good reason, and a valuable and pithy section commencing on page 158 trenchantly disposes of the fiction that dies so hard than Magna Carta established trial by jury. This section should be read in connection with the commentary on Clause 39, where the famous "judicium parium vel per legem terræ" is exhaustively examined. Mr. McKechnie sides with those who "reject the antithesis because the two things may be, and indeed must be, combined," which will not please Mr. Pike. On page 204 is outlined an ingenious explanation of the "unknown Charter of Liberties" discovered by Mr. Round in the Record Office in 1893, identifying it with the barons' schedule of April 27th, 1215, which is certainly preferable to Mr. Hall's theory of a forgery. On page 292 Mr. McKechnie not unsuccessfully joins issue with high authorities on the important question as to whether the framers of Magna Carta anticipated the modern doctrine of the essential connection between taxation and representation. And here, as repeatedly elsewhere, it is difficult to avoid the closely-argued conclusion that Chapter 14 "must be added to the not inconsiderable list of those which attempted to bring about a feudal reaction." On the 61st clause Mr. McKechnie is unsparing in his criticism. "Crude," "absurd," "dangerous," "ill-advised," are some of the epithets applied to the machinery created for enforcing the Charter. But does not our editor here unnecessarily depart from his own standards of a scientific historic method? Granted that, judged by 1905, the true policy was "to use the King's own administrative machinery to control the King himself," was this possible

* "Magna Carta; A Commentary on the Great Charter of King John." By W. S. McKechnie. (J. Maclehose and Sons.)

to the men with the ideas of 1215? Do the events of the autumn of 1215 justify the conclusion tnat the twenty-five abused their new powers to found a feudal oligarchy? The "true policy" in 1641 was to establish Cabinet and Parliamentary Government, "to control the King himself." But in 1215 and 1641, even if we condemn the leaders of the opposition for not creating machinery based on political and constitutional conceptions which demonstrably they could not have, there still remained John and Charles, and events showed that to control Sovereigns who had no intention of being controlled would certainly prove a futile, possibly a "crude," "absurd," and "grotesque" policy.

On the broader problem of the character and aims of the baronage as read by the light of Magna Carta, Mr. McKechnie is both moderate and conservative. His detailed commentary is in substance a critical refutation of the sweeping theories which would make the Great Charter a fiction vamped up by fraud, without constitutional value, and the barons a syndicate of reactionary feudal oligarchs, simply bent on asserting selfish and dangerous class privileges, without either thought or care for the interests of the nation—a party to whom the anarchy of Stephen's reign was the golden age of English liberties. Mr. McKechnie shows that the rejection of this paradox does not involve believing that in Magna Carta is the origin of such English liberties and institutions as had escaped the prophetic statesmanship of Alfred, or that the Barons of 1215 were outstripping the Whigs of 1688 in pure-souled patriotism and anticipating the millennium by a few strokes of the pen. If Mr. McKechnie is more conservative, more sceptical, both in his language and his conclusions, than one of his masters, Stubbs, it is because another of his masters, Prof. Maitland, has made the facile dogmatism of the rhetorician impossible.

Finally, I would submit that as this book is certain to be very widely used, Mr. McKechnie might improve his bibliography. For purposes of easy reference is it not more convenient to print the authors' names first, with the initials after? Secondly, those references for certain works are not always to the most recent and accessible edition, *e.g.*, Pollock and Maitland, "The History of English Law," Medley, and so on. Thirdly, the lists might be extended. Liebermann's various monographs, Goldschmidt's "Geschichte der Juden," Jacobs' "The Jews of Angevin England," Petit-Dutailles' Etude sur la Règne de Louis VIII.," bear upon the matter discussed in this commentary, and might, with several others, well be added

C. GRANT ROBERTSON.

BULGARIAN FOLK-SONGS.*

It is, I suppose, a truism that the soul of a nation never finds such native and intimate expression in the work of its great poets as in the artless folk-songs that have their roots in a people's heart; that grow into articulate melody one scarcely knows how, that wander unclaimed and houseless through the centuries, and are found at last enshrined in the memories and living on the lips of the unlearned in remote country places long after their original makers and singers are forgotten and have forgotten them. Such songs have a shrewd tang of the soil in them, they are fashioned out of the very lives of those who fashioned them; as they developed through the centuries, or travelled into different villages of the same nation, they took on some fresh tone or colour of thought or significance from their fresh environment; and in course of time have come to embody the hopes and beliefs, the racial traditions and history, the every-day loves and hates and joys and sorrows of the common multitude. The great poet strives after an artistic utterance of his own personality; but a nation's folk-songs, orphaned and, for the most part, with nothing known of their authorship, are curiously impersonal—they are not the songs of an individual, but of the individuality of a people.

We owe "The Shade of the Balkans" to the collaboration of three authors. In a concise introduction, Mr. Henry Bernard explains the circumstances in which this work was undertaken and carried through; incidentally he presents us with a vivid and strikingly picturesque presentment of Pencho Slaveikoff, a romantic and commanding figure, the greatest living poet of the Bulgars, "the caged lion of Sofia"; and the preface is followed by a brilliant and exhaustive essay by M. Slaveikoff on "The Folk-Song of the Bulgars," which in turn serves as prelude to a selection of 101 poems and the same number of proverbs that have been translated into English by Mr. Bernard, with M. Slaveikoff's assistance; a final section of the book being devoted to a scholarly and illuminating dissertation on "The Origin and Language of the Primitive Bulgars," by Dr. E. J. Dillon. The work of each of the three collaborators has been done with rare literary skill and judgment, and with an enthusiasm that ensures thoroughness and makes their pages intensely alive. Mr. Bernard has very conscientiously Englished his originals without Englishising them. The proverbs have much of the quaintness and rugged worldly wisdom that characterise the proverbial sayings of our own country, but they have an inherent local bias, distinctive differences of mental and moral outlook and a certain wry cynicism that give them a rather aggressively foreign air beside our homelier English adages. Here are one or two chosen almost at random: "God is not sinless; he created the world." "The true hermit retires into himself." "One does not go to hell to light a cigarette." "The weak man gets strong, the strong man dies." "The man they pity is to be pitied."

The poems are more notable for this same cynical humour, and for a grim, pervading sense of nearness to the hard, unlovely facts of existence, than for their poetical qualities. They have the simple directness that is common to all folk-song, but, lacking in fancy and idyllic passion, their fables and symbolism are closer akin to the earthy, gross grotesquerie of the German than to the airy grace and delicate elusiveness of the Celtic mythology, except, perhaps, when they touch upon the more spiritually beautiful legends of the Samovila. The general impression they leave on one is of a morbid imaginativeness; they are heavy with an ingrained melancholy, for, as M. Slaveikoff has it, they were "born of a stricken soul." They are instinct with a bizarre and haunting realism, so that you hear and feel the very life-pulse of the people throbbing through them all. Here are the sigh and dazzle of love, a brief and passing ecstasy; the fretfulness and broken spirit of the wife dwelling in slavish subservience to her husband's parents; the cloudy joy and anxiety that come with the coming of children; the bleak struggle for bare existence in squalid village or on lonely hillside; the sweeping blight of plague and famine; the devastating ravin of a conquering enemy; the going away of a husband or lover to join a rising in the mountains, whence he will never return; the brooding gloom and fiercer horrors of death; and the mystery and motley imaginings of the hereafter—they are all here as they are or were in the daily lives of the stricken, struggling people who have sung their story into their songs.

Unquestionably, "The Shade of the Balkans" is one of the most fascinating and most valuable additions that have been made in recent years to the growing literature of folk-lore.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

* "The Shade of the Balkans." By Henry Bernard, Pencho Slaveikoff, and E. J. Dillon. (Nutt.)

ANOTHER STEVENSON REPRINT.*

This volume, like "Essays of Travel," appears without a word of introduction or explanation, either why the best of the stories was not reprinted before or why the worst, an admitted failure, is reprinted now. A reference to the invaluable bibliography appended to Graham Balfour's "Life" shows that the earliest of the three tales contained in this volume, "The Story of a Lie," appeared in 1879, while "The Body Snatcher" appeared in the Christmas number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1884, and the "Misadventures of John Nicholson" in another Christmas annual in 1887. Of the three tales, which are as unequal in merit as in length, "The Body Snatcher" is decidedly the poorest. Written in 1881, and, in Stevenson's own phrase, "laid aside in justifiable disgust," it was produced three years later as a last resource in response to a demand for a Christmas story. Intended to be a "tale of horror," it succeeds only in being

* "Tales and Fantasies." By R. L. Stevenson. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

horrid instead of horrible. It is strange that a story written in the same year and amid the same surroundings as the wonderful "Thrawn Janet," should have proved so complete a failure. Still, a failure it was, and for this reason deservedly omitted from the Edinburgh Edition.

The "Misadventures of John Nicholson" is a fantastic account of the mishaps which befell a stodgy and unimaginative young Scotchman of the type which so often excited the scorn of Stevenson in his more Bohemian moments. In spite of many humorous and satiric touches, it has rather the air of having been written to order. The woebegone John Nicholson cuts a comic figure, but Stevenson seems to have wearied of the idea before the story was finished, and the entanglement is dissolved in a mechanical and unconvincing fashion.

By far the best of the three tales, and the most characteristically Stevensonian, is "The Story of a Lie," which is really excellent. The portrait of the shameless, drunken, sponging old humbug, "Admiral" Van Tromp, so amusingly conscious of his own shortcomings, is drawn in Stevenson's happiest vein. Van Tromp is a most fascinating humbug. He seems to have reduced imposture to a fine art, and he has the true artist's superb appreciation of his own gifts. Van Tromp is a creation who can take his stand by the immortal Florizel without a blush, though indeed he was long past blushing at anything, even at being found out. Admirable, too, is the portrait of old Mr. Naseby. "Mr. Naseby had the sturdy, untutored nature of the upper middle class. The universe seemed plain to him. 'The thing's right,' he would say, or 'the thing's wrong'; and there was an end of it. There was a contained prophetic energy in his utterances, even on the slightest affairs; he *saw* the damned thing; if you did not, it must be from perversity of will; and this sent the blood to his head." This is in Stevenson's most mercurial and irresponsible style. The whole story is written in that audacious blending of whimsical extravagance with grim seriousness which was the peculiar secret of R. L. S., and it is surprising that it has remained hidden so long within the stately confines of the Edinburgh Edition.

L. G. BROCK.

Novel Notes.

A JAY OF ITALY. By Bernard Capes. 6s. (Methuen.)

In the year 1476 a marvellous boy left the monastery of San Zeno to preach the gospel of love at the Court of Galeazzo Sforza, Duke of Milan. The moment of his entry was not unpropitious, for the prematurely aged tyrant, having exhausted the resources of cruelty and vice, had fallen a prey to childish superstition, and finally hoped to condone for a life of infamy by making this angelic youth the keeper of his conscience. The situation is boldly conceived and splendidly handled. The reformation achieved by the boy saint was a nine days' wonder. But in such a Court his beauty and his purity could end only in his undoing. Milan wearied of the novelty of virtue, and Bernardo Bembo and his devoted Fool were not long denied the glory of martyrdom. The novel is very remarkable, both for its psychological and for its pictorial power. Mr. Capes recreates the very atmosphere of the period, and unfolds a pageant that the memory will not easily forget. The characters are all strongly drawn, men and women alike, but in the Duke and the Saint Mr. Capes has reached his highest mark of craftsmanship. In the past Mr. Capes has often succumbed to the snares of preciosity. But in "A Jay of Italy" he is manifestly too engrossed in the development of his story to have time to divert or irritate us by literary posturings by the way. The book is brilliantly written. It is one to be read for the interest of the story, and to be re-read for the charm of its style.

RED O' THE FEUD. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. 6s. (T. Werner Laurie.)

To Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe the moorland is as vital a force as any human character in his novels. Indeed, it has become in a sense his central character, round which fresh groups of men and women war and love. It is the familiar "hero" to which he returns again and again, while the humans storm and chafe and hope and enjoy—and pass on. The power of the wild heath-land is strongly felt in this new novel, which begins with what seems likely to be the end of the age-long moor feuds between the Red Ratcliffes and the courteous Waynes, an ending by fire and sword. But one Ratcliffe lives to fight, and from this infant avenger in due time re-springs all the old fierceness and implacability. There are other and softer forces at work, however, and with the true artist's sympathy Mr. Sutcliffe blends the divergent natures and circumstances, and with strong dramatic skill presents his vigorous situations. There is never a trace of mawkishness in this author's moorland romances. The Ratcliffes and the Waynes become second Doones to our imagination, and the final work of the moor itself in this spirited tale impresses us afresh with the living power of the wild, rugged land of Yorkshire.

STURMSEE: MAN AND MAN. By the author of "Calmire: Man and Nature." 6s. (The Macmillan Co.)

Sturmsee is a pendant to "Calmire," and at the end appear amazing critical notices of the present work. Some are candidly printed to expose the perverse judgments of theological bigots. Such have not scrupled to brand "Calmire" as "the rankest rot, ethically and artistically, ever published" (*Cleveland Leader*)—"as heavy and dull as November" (*Springfield Republican*)—and the *Baltimore Sun* calls the characters "mushy creatures." Other American critics—dare we suspect with an opposite theological bias?—are awestruck at its magnificence. "The greatest novel of discussion ever written"—"phenomenal display of knowledge"—"its learning, audacity, subtle dialectics, and literary charm"—"it wooes and delights," etc., etc. But probably it wooes most because it "lays over" "Robert Elsmere." "If smaller than 'Robert Elsmere,'" remarks the *Brooklyn Eagle*, rather oddly, "it is a greater book," and the *Independent* pronounces it "far and away superior to 'Robert Elsmere,' 'David Grieve,' or 'John Ward.'" And why should not America pride itself on manufacturing its own "Elsmeres"? To us "Sturmsee" appears most unphenomenal, the style juvenile, ungraceful, and commonplace—the matter, at the best, ordinary enough. Here and there one finds a rather original idea or turn of thought, and the whole thing is well meant. Those who have not yet seen the familiar arguments against Socialism, no doubt will be—and it seems already have been—struck by their originality. We have not thought it necessary to wade through them. As a novel "Sturmsee" has its oddities. We begin with a Reigning Prince, with a tremendous wife (American, of course) and a Daughter. An Agnostic Doctor (American Citizen) wooes her, and, of course, gets her in the end. The plot hinges upon this comfortable doctrine of marriage. The U.S. have no king. Ergo, every American citizen is a Sovereign. Ergo, he may fitly marry into the Reigning Families Q.E.D. But we hope the 'Frisco larikins will content themselves with the Mediatized Houses.

CLOCLO. By Gyp. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

This is a pretty idyll of a French country-house. Cloclo is a poor girl, of low birth, who is befriended by the d'Erdévals, and the story is concerned with her successful attempt to outwit a low designing rogue, Monsieur Anatole, who imposes upon the old Marquis, until the family is in danger of losing its property altogether. To a British mind the conduct of the son and his family seems almost reprehensible. Why they did not resist the vulgar pretensions of the valet and groom is not particularly clear to an Englishman. But that is a question of national manners, probably. And, apart from the annoyance felt by a reader over this pusillanimity, there is much in this dainty tale to attract and interest. Cloclo's character is a fine foil to Anatole's. Her love for the eldest son of the house and her unselfish renunciation of his offer are drawn with particular taste and tenderness.

A MARRIAGE IN BURMAH. By Mrs. M. Chan Toon. 6s. (Greening.)

This novel, or at least the subject of it, is both painful and unpleasant in many parts. It describes the anguish endured by a young English girl who marries a young Burmese barrister whom she has met in England. The girl knows nothing of racial distinctions, and she has been trained in

a society to which the prejudice of colour is as familiar as a cobra. As for Moung Gyaw himself, a well-conditioned reader would gladly pay the price of the book to have the pleasure of kicking him. He is drunken, violent, immoral, and a liar. The suffering of his wife at his hands and at the hands of Rangoon Anglo-Burmese society may be imagined. The authoress tells it at length, and there is more than enough of it. The book ends inconsequently. It may open the eyes of some people to the danger of mixed marriages, but it is an ugly warning.

HUGH RENDAL. By Lionel Portman. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

"Hugh Rendal" is a public school story, neither better nor worse than others of its kind. It suffers from the same weakness as all other stories of school life, the lack of any dominant interest. The fact is, nothing ever happens. The great human emotions do not enter into school life. The great events of a schoolboy's career, the winning of the school mile or the entrance to the sixth form, do not appeal to the world at large. Outside of the school itself no one but the fond parent is interested in the exploits of Brown major or Jones minor. "Tom Brown's School-days" is, and seems likely to remain, the one conspicuous instance to the contrary. Still, public school men will continue to read public school stories, simply to see what other public schools are like. It was curiosity to see what sort of a school "Larne" was which impelled us to finish "Hugh Rendal." For "Larne" is obviously a real school, situated, apparently, in the north, and justifying the idea that northern schools are, on the whole, rougher than those in the south. Criticising "Larne" as a school, we can only say that the masters, especially the house-masters, were inexcusably inefficient. Bullying appears to have been rampant, and if the state of things in "Larne" was as bad as Mr. Portman represents it, the school and the masters stand condemned. For the rest, Mr. Portman obviously knows a great deal about boys in general, which is not the same thing as being able to delineate an individual boy. Still, some of his obiter dicta are suggestive, and we commend them to the intelligent parent.

SAINT ELIZABETH OF LONDON. By Lucas Cleeve. 6s (John Long.)

Lucas Cleeve has attempted a difficult task, and has failed in good company. She has tried to depict a saintly woman in evil surroundings retaining her saintliness and accumulating the devotion and respect of the sinners round about her. The author impresses us with the saintliness of Lady Elizabeth, but not with her charm. We find her rather depressing and boring. "I don't suppose that I am what you would call a happy woman," she said, "but then I don't think I am cut out to be." And that is what we feel. Elizabeth's despicable husband must also have felt the hopelessness of really brightening her nature, however many new leaves he turned over. But Lucas Cleeve's pen is always facile when she is describing London ways and manners, and her little bits of philosophy are amusing. Like many another novelist, she has failed to make her saint attractive, but she has presented with an unsparing hand the trials of a good woman with a bad husband, and has given us another of her stories, artificial but popular, of the seamy side of the "upper circles."

LOHENGRIN. By Bernard Capes. 6s. (Dean.)

This is the third of a series of romances founded upon the themes of Wagner's masterpieces. It was a happy idea to entrust the story of "Lohengrin" to Mr. Capes, for the subject demands exceptional treatment, and justifies a certain extravagance of style. Moreover, by a fortunate chance the legend of Lohengrin has much in common with the legend of the child-saint of which Mr. Capes has made such effective use in "The Jay of Italy." The two books must have been written about the same time, and in both there is the same mystic glamour about the central figure. Mr. Capes is one of the few novelists of to-day with any claims to be called a stylist. The style is not always successful; on the contrary, it is often violent and strained, and occasionally lapses into incongruous modernity of phrase. But when all is said, Mr. Capes has, what so few modern writers have, a distinct "style," a way of expressing himself which is consciously adapted to the subject matter of his story. It is not an easy matter to re-tell a well-known legend, and it says much for Mr. Capes' skill as a craftsman that without the aid of any novelty of plot he has woven a story of absorbing interest. "Lohengrin" is a forcible piece of work. The dramatic intensity of the opera is reflected in the vigour of the narrative. Indeed, it is vigorous to a fault, and there are moments when Mr. Capes mistakes coarseness for strength. But Mr. Capes' faults are all on the right side; they are the faults of ambition and the promise of greater work to come.

AT THE SIGN OF THE FOX. By "Barbara." 6s. (Macmillan.)

The American historical novel is a dreadful thing, cheap, shoddy, and machine made; in fact, one of the worst examples of artificial literature. But with the American novel of modern life it is altogether different. The conditions of life in the United States and the types of character produced differ sufficiently from our own to be intensely interesting, and are yet not so far different as to be unintelligible. Apart from this, the Americans have a fresh and original way of looking at life and a fine disregard for tradition. All this makes for novelty, and goes to explain why rather ordinary novels of American life should be so attractive. The talented writer who adopts the pseudonym "Barbara" is very far from being the ordinary American novelist. "At the Sign of the Fox" shows the same humorous insight which distinguished "The Woman Errant" and "People of the Whirlpool." "Barbara" has a considerable gift of characterisation. She writes vigorous dialogue, and has the feminine gift of noting minute but significant details. Her heroine, Brooke Lawton, is a fascinating study of the American girl, strong, resourceful, and self-reliant. "At the Sign of the Fox" is a finished piece of work.

HIS MASCOT. By L. T. Meade. 6s. (Long.)

The interest and cleverness of "His Mascot" are undeniable; probably Mrs. Meade could not write an uninteresting novel, even if she tried to; but in divers minor details it shows signs of carelessness and haste. For instance, one would have liked to see Laurence Digby, "a tall man, with a bent head, iron-grey hair, and a face furrowed with many lines," when he arrived home that evening and, joyously greeted by his two small children, "raised Freda to her favourite perch on his shoulder, took Wilfred's hand and bounded up the narrow stairs three at a time." We confess to a curiosity as to the state of little Wilfred's feelings while he was trying to keep step with his father on this occasion. Then there is too much made of the children's joy at having steak for dinner; to accentuate the poverty of the family, we are led to picture them as almost frantic with delight at the prospect of meat, yet we have just been told that there is such a large bill owing at the butcher's that this tradesman has only that day refused to supply more till he receives a payment on account. After all, however, these are but small blots on a good story. Caryl Digby, acting as daily companion to a millionaire's wife, and living with and looking after the household of her widowed brother Lawrence, steals a ring from her employer, thinking that from among so many one so old and unlovely will not be missed. It turns out that the one she has taken is the millionaire's "mascot," and her efforts to recover it from the man to whom she sold it lead to some striking and ingeniously-contrived developments. The characterisation is good, and the whole book so interesting that it holds the reader absorbed to the last page.

ALTON OF SOMASCO. By Harold Bindloss. 6s. (John Long.)

Mr. Bindloss wields a fertile pen, and his knowledge of the outskirts of the empire is amazing, but the staunchest Imperialist may be pardoned for hinting at a certain monotony in the plots of his numerous novels. For ourselves, we frankly confess to being rather bored by the Bindlossian hero, the stalwart young Colonial with the iron will and taciturn manner, who demonstrates with triumphant and wearisome regularity the degeneracy of the home-keeping Englishman. After all, there is something to be said for the old country, and it really is not cricket to let the Colonial win every test match. Mr. Bindloss is too apt to treat the Englishman as a "back number."

Even the youngest Colonial may have something to learn from the mother country, and the Colonial "Admirable Crichton," whether in the backwoods of Canada or the fever-stricken swamps of the "Coffin Coast," palls after a time. We have met him too often before in Mr. Bindloss' previous books. Apart from this monotony of plan, "Alton of Somasco" shows the same mastery of local colour and the same skill in narrative as the earlier novels from the same pen. Mr. Bindloss is a first-rate story-teller, and he writes with a first-hand knowledge of Colonial life.

The Bookman's Table.

A GRAMMAR OF GREEK ART. By Percy Gardner. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan and Co.)

Professor Gardner states in the preface of his book that it is meant principally for men of classical training, and particularly for classical teachers in schools. But to all who are interested in the history of art, and who realise the intellectual and ethical significance of the contribution which the Greeks made to art, the appearance of this volume will be welcome. It is now very generally recognised by classical teachers that, in order to make their teaching fruitful and stimulating, they must supplement linguistic training by employing in the class-room some of the archæological aids to classical study which are available. Roughly, these may be said to consist of casts, large photos of statuary, sites, etc., electrotypes of ancient coins, wall diagrams of the style of Cybulski's Tabulae, copies of Greek vase-paintings, lantern slides, and illustrated editions of school classics. Prof. Gardner says he regrets to find that these last-named have seldom been done by adequate authorities, or in a satisfactory fashion. There is, of course the most intimate connection between Greek art and Greek literature; each is in principle architectonic, and the secret of each, as Prof. Gardner points out, is perfection by law and within limits. This "Grammar of Greek Art" will be of the utmost service to the teacher by its lucid exposition of the main principles of Greek art and the relations of Greek art to Greek literature. Specially valuable are the chapters on Greek vases. Here the conventions in drawing are quite unfamiliar, and require to be explained by the teacher to his pupils before they can be expected to see what the drawing was intended to represent. The book is well illustrated, and there is a serviceable index. Taken in conjunction with the same author's pamphlet, "Classical Archæology in Schools" (Clarendon Press, 1902), this book may be recommended as the best guide a teacher can have who wishes in his work to humanise the study of the classics, and to help his pupils to apprehend the marvellous lessons of rhythm and symmetry which the monuments of Greek art, like the monuments of Greek poetry and Greek philosophy, are so well able to teach.

WILD FLOWERS MONTH BY MONTH IN THEIR NATURAL HAUNTS. By Edward Step, F.L.S. In two volumes. Illustrated. Vol. I. 6s. net. (Warne and Co.)

WAYSIDE AND WOODLAND BLOSSOMS. First Series. New Edition. By Edward Step, F.L.S. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Warne and Co.)

These are two delightful books for lovers of Nature. The latter we have known for a long time, and learned to love. Although its author modestly says it makes no pretence at bearing a scientific aspect, yet we imagine most students who thumb Babington or Hooker love to have this series by them. With 127 plates, coloured true to Nature, it fitly supplies a want to the botanist who cannot afford the cost of a Sowerby. The larger volume is seen at a glance to be the work of a skilled scientist, who from his large learning can put in simple language the most interesting and minute details of plant life. The author has an open eye for all the beauties of Nature, beauties never seen by one in a hundred who crowd our country lanes. He calls to his aid a new power. It is really botanising with a camera. The vasculum and trowel are left behind, and the old-fashioned herbarium of dried, colourless, worm-eaten specimens, prepared at great labour, gives place to an album of charming pictures of flowers, caught in the act, as one might say. Mr. Step has now done for plants what Mr. Kearton has done for animal life. He has not had to disguise himself or incur the dangers Mr. Kearton had to; but though his plants did not run from him, he had to give equal patience to his subject in considering all the factors of light, position, and general surroundings. This volume covers from March to June, and we look forward to the pleasure of receiving volume two in the autumn, but surely Mr. Step and his camera will not leave a hiatus in the circle of the months. Even with no "flowers" available, such a camera will find material in lichen, fungi, and moss, to say nothing of deciduous and evergreen forms. The letterpress and general get-up of the book are excellent, and the 300 illustrations from photographs are works of art.

THE SCENERY OF LONDON. Painted by Herbert Marshall, described by G. E. Mitton. 20s. net. (A. and C. Black.)

LONDON TO THE NORE. Painted and described by W. L. and M. A. Wyllie. 20s. net. (A. and C. Black.)

These are two very handsome additions to the series of beautiful books published by Messrs. Black. The former has seventy-five and the latter sixty full-page illustrations in colour facsimile. These are beautiful and highly realistic pictures of London and the river as we know them. Posterity will bless Messrs. Black for giving them such vivid pictures. We of to-day have to recreate Old London in our fancy from the "Diary of Pepys" or "The Town" of Leigh Hunt; while in these volumes the lights and fogs of London, the barges and river traffic, the crush at the Bank, and much else that goes to make the talk of our metropolis will be readily grasped by future generations. If it be true that the visitor to London knows more of its by-ways than the City man, we feel sure any lover of his ancient town who reads these volumes will take great pride in them, and will hasten to improve his local knowledge. To the casual spectator the pictures may seem garish and too high-coloured for our city of fogs. These pictures represent all seasons of the year, and if one sail up the river from its lower reaches in a fine summer evening one will realise how the artists have caught the marvellous beauty of the river. To find this out one must actually do the river to Gravesend. In both volumes the letterpress is excellent. The story never flags, and several descriptions of the river and of street scenes are highly entertaining and full of up-to-date information.

NATURAL HISTORY IN ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS. By Frank E. Beddard, F.R.S., etc. Illustrated by Gambier Bolton and Winifred Austen. 6s. net. (Constable and Co., Ltd.)

How eagerly we should have devoured such a book as this had it been possible in our school days! It is the very book to turn a boy into a naturalist, and if his parent or schoolmaster put it into his hands we fear the B.O.P. will have a dangerous rival. But it is not a boy's book merely; it is much more a scientific guide to any zoo. With an ably condensed account of life forms from the amœba to the mammal, it gives an idea of the extreme productiveness of nature. It is the privilege of only a few to study such life in the forest, like du Chaillu, or at home in a paddock, like a Rothschild; but with Mr. Beddard's book no one need go to any collection of animals with eyes that see not. His descriptive notes are capitally illustrated from photographs, so good and telling so much that we wonder when we recall the awful books that passed for natural history a generation ago. Some animals—the tapir, for instance—appear to have been bribed to give a "sitting" to the photographer, but to know what it really means to get a good plate an amateur must go and try the rats or beavers, and if he get a respectable plate out of fifty exposures he will be lucky. The book is beautifully printed and possesses a full index, and is a book that should find a place on every home bookshelf.

PARISIANS OUT OF DOORS. By F. Berkeley Smith. 6s. (Funk and Wagnalls Co.)

This charming book makes its appearance fitly enough at a time when we have been engaged in celebrating l'entente cordiale with France and doing honour to the naval representatives of "La grande Nation." It will fully maintain the reputation of the author of "The Real Latin Quarter" and "How Paris Amuses Itself" as one who writes on France and Frenchmen with ample knowledge, sympathy, and insight. There is not a dull page from cover to cover. Here we have not a treatise, but a series of

graphic and racy sketches of out-of-doors life of a people to whom, as Mr. Berkeley Smith says, life in the open air means nine-tenths of the joy of living. The vagaries of the Paris *cocher*, the march of the midinettes, Grand Prix Sunday at Longchamps, the annual fête of St. Cloud, Gaston du Barry as a lion-tamer, Nice artificial as a paper rose, and the Casino at Monte Carlo are all described here with an infectious enthusiasm and verve that cannot fail to captivate the reader. The book is beautifully illustrated by the author and other artists.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT.

Mrs. Henry Dudeney's writing is always above the average, but in her new volume of short stories, **A Country Bunch** (3s. 6d.), good as the work is, we feel that in the aggregate it is too gloomy and tragic. Mrs. Dudeney probes deeper than most into the motives and the actions of men and women. She not only sees realism behind convention, but she sees innate dramatic instinct behind that, and yet again behind that, at times, the naked soul. For the health of the mind and the comfort of the reader, these stories should be read singly, at intervals; then, instead of a surfeit of gloom, the undeniable talent of the writer may be enjoyed without morbidity as a result.

There is no lack of excitement and adventure in **The Exploits of Jo Salis** (6s.), whose blustering career is related by Mr. William Greener with a gusto and vivacity that makes it eminently readable even when it is improbable far past belief. Salis is a British spy, who gets into Port Arthur while the Japanese are besieging it, and later sees a good deal of fighting while he is pursuing his not too intelligible duties, now among the Russians, and then among their enemies. The style is often cocksure and amateurish to a degree, but the adventures are always entertaining, though it is sometimes in a way that the author did not intend.

MR. JOHN LANE.

A garden book of wide and unexpected interest is **The Book of the Scented Garden,** by F. W. Burbidge (2s. 6d. net). This is not so much a book to tell us how to cultivate scented flowers and leaves, as what to do with them when we have cultivated them, and what their values are. It will be news to many of us that perfumes cool the heated air to a very considerable degree; air laden with lavender, for instance, is sixty times as cooling as fresh air. Lavender water is also soothing to the nerves; and otto-of-roses is tonic and invigorating. The volume is full of scented-flower lore, and information as to the uses and delights of natural perfumes. A long list of flowers is given, and a valuable catalogue of books and notes concerning perfumes. This is a volume in the well known series of Handbooks of Practical Gardening.

MR. HENRY J. DRANE.

The unadmirable hero of **As the Sparks Fly Upward,** the new novel by Lady Napier of Magdala (6s.), was "like a young Greek god, with all the defects of the qualities of those personages." The only fault of the heroine was a slight plethora of perfection; such plethora almost necessitates an early death, and we do not like losing our heroine in the last chapter. Lady Napier has strong words to say against the way in which the "smart set" have spoiled sport, literally. The modern vulgar palace instead of the homely little lodge for the shooting party, is detestable in her sight, and she has but little love for the exquisitely clad female who sits in the butt and applauds the comfortably placed sportsman who fires at what is placed before him. Our heroine was not at all like that. The novel gives a picture of country life among the aristocracy, with a real little plot connected with the heirship of an estate, and many and troubled love affairs.

MR. WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

A peculiar interest attaches to **The Soul's Destroyer, and Other Poems,** by William H. Davies (2s. 6d. Of the author, Farmhouse, Marshalsea Road, S.E.). The writer is a cripple, and publishes the volume himself from the common lodging-house in which circumstances compel him to reside. He has frankly written his life into his poems, which have occasionally something of the despair and sombre imaginative power of James Thomson ("B.V."), are pensive and quaintly fanciful where they touch on his early days in the country, are humorous or grimly realistic when they mirror his companions of the lodging-house and the squalor of lower London. The book is very unequal, ranging from crude doggerel to a real height of poetical feeling and expression, but it is everywhere interesting, for Mr. Davies is everywhere sincere and individual.

MESSRS. ROBINSON AND CO.

Picturesque Essex, a volume of sketches by Duncan Moul, with descriptive letterpress by R. H. Ernest Hill, A.R.I.B.A. (Robinson and Co., 6s. net),will help to dispel the widespread but entirely wrong impression that Essex has little or nothing to offer the artist. In this well printed 8vo volume of some 180 pages and about 80 illustrations, may be found a great variety of attractive walks for the pedestrian and centres for the sketcher. The illustrations include a considerable number of examples of the earlier domestic architecture of the county, and are all the more interesting for being not too well known. The book makes its appearance at an opportune moment, seeing that several of the districts mentioned will shortly be popularised by projected light railways and motor omnibus routes in connection with the main lines of railway.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

The aim, as stated in the preface, of **The Recent Development of Physical Science,** by W. C. D. Whetham, F.R.S. (7s. 6d.), is to give a popular exposition of the results of recent developments of physical science, and to enable a non-scientific mind to follow and appreciate the methods by which these results are reached. In these days, when the scientific spirit and the scientific method are in the air, no man of education can afford to neglect what the physicist is doing from day to day. But many have neither the time nor training to enable them to attack the more technical and special works. And yet for the majority of readers this volume will be found quite technical enough. It is a book that cannot be garbled, but it is one sure to repay the slow and careful reader. The dream of the old philosophers of a common basis for matter is realised by experimental investigation, and Mr. Whetham's book gives us all the latest on Radio-Activity, Atoms, and Astro-Physics. He shows how the physicist is leading the way at present, and is revealing in a wonderful manner the correlation of matter with various phenomena. We do not wonder to find another edition called for so soon. It is just such a book as a busy man of culture wants to have on his shelves. The book is amply illustrated, and has good portraits of our leading men of science. There is also a full index.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK AND CO.

In **The Rainbow Chasers** (6s.), Mr. John Whitson has given us a very vivid and fascinating picture of the great plains of America. He knows and loves this unique country, and is so anxious to present it to his readers in all its many aspects, that he sometimes comes near to sacrificing the flow of his narrative in his eagerness to show them all its varying moods. The story of the hero's life among the rough cow-boys and land prospectors is pregnant with real human interest. Many of the settlers were men of sterling character, and Mr. Whitson has portrayed their simple and strenuous life with admirable sympathy. "The Rainbow Chasers" is in no way a brilliant novel, but it is interesting, true to life, and thoroughly healthy. It should win a considerable share of popularity.

Not even his "Mr. Barnes of New York" was fuller of mystery and intrigue than is Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter's latest novel, **Phil Conway** (6s.). Who is it that is making cunning attempts on the life of Phil Conway, and why? There are reasons for suspecting the sweet, bewitchingly child-like girl he is about to marry; for having doubts of her handsome stepmother, and of a beautiful widow who is deeply in love with Phil and whom he has served. It is an involved and absorbing problem that is satisfactorily solved at last by Von Tschudi, a curious and unlikely sort of Sherlock Holmes, who makes a profession of noting "unobserved crimes in process of development," and looks to profiting himself by preventing their committal. Apart from this somewhat too extravagant creation, the characters are true enough to life, and the story is a rattling good one of the thrillingly sensational order.

The New Minister, by Orme Agnus (6s.), is in reality, though not in form, a volume of short stories. He describes the work of a young minister amongst the simple Methodist people of a Dorset village. The new minister came straight from Manchester, and he had to learn that "There faint anythen harder to change than wold-fashioned ways. It do need a very big portion of the grace of God sometimes." "Orme Agnus" has long ago proved himself a master of the art of rural fiction, and though this latest book is not so powerful as some of his former achievements, it is characterised by the same sympathetic and delicate humour and the same quiet pathos which have helped to give its author a high place among modern novelists.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

There are certain books which are intended solely to please and amuse. Such a book is **When a Girl's Engaged,** and it is an admirable example of its type. It is well-written, vivacious, and original. Two London girls spend a holiday in a rural village. One of them is engaged, and the other has been engaged. One of them relates their experiences with genuine girlish frankness. She has a keen sense of humour, is observant, witty, and amusingly satirical. Her adventures with her charming but slightly irresponsible friend cannot fail to give the reader considerable entertainment. The book is distinctly clever and very diverting.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND CO.

John Henry Smith is the hero and the name of "A Golfing Romance," by Frederick Upham Adams, illustrated by A. B. Frost (6s.). Smith starts off with the laudable maxim that no agony is more acute than to be compelled to play golf with women when there is a chance to get in a foursome with good scratch men. Needless to say, circumstances lead him to change his views. The story opens in America, and the millionaire naturally plays a *rôle*. So does his daughter. After a good deal of rough-and-tumble, the scene changes to Europe, and St. Andrews brings peace. The illustrations are amusing.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE.

The sub-title of this book, "A Georgian Galaxy," is apt to mislead and carry us back to the days of Fanny Burney. It does so to some extent, but we are carried a century later down to the death of Lady Eastlake in 1893. The book, **Some**

Famous Women of Wit and Beauty, by John Fyvie (12s. 6d. net), is a reprint from the magazines of a series of very excellent biographical studies. Some of the heroines are naughty, some *sans reproche*. That truth is often stranger than fiction is very apparent when we read of Lady Hamilton, Lady Blessington, Mrs. Norton, and the others. Readers of this volume will find it quite as fascinating as, and certainly more informative than, the mass of fictional pabulum at present supplied to the public. The volume is dainty, like its subject, and contains eight illustrations.

MESSRS. GORDON AND GOTCH.

Patmos, by Kathleen Inglewood (6s.), is a well-written story of New Zealand life, with a very strong temperance interest. Its hero is John Saxon, "the Prohibitionist"; his father was ruinously addicted to drink, and dies in a coach accident that results from his own insobriety; and it is largely this that leads John when he grows to manhood to devote himself to the suppression of the liquor traffic. This does not sound promising, perhaps, from the standpoint of the novel-reader; but Miss Inglewood handles her theme so skilfully, and brings so many other interests into the lives of her people, that the result is a book as entirely readable as it is sincere.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN.

A very quiet and quaintly pleasant story is told by Nancy Huston Banks in **The Little Hills** (6s.)—just the story of how Phœbe Rowan, despite the fussy advice of her friends, had the father and stepmother of her dead husband to live with her; she had married William Rowan an hour before he died solely that she might have the right to care for them. The narrative is a little slow and over-leisurely at times, perhaps, but the trouble Phœbe has with her charges and with her officious friends and neighbours, and the new love that comes into her drab life, is all told with so many brightening touches of humour and elusive pathos that one easily forgives the occasional passage that is too diffuse.

MR. JOHN LONG.

Dr. Theophilus E. Samuel Scholes is something of a pessimist. He sets himself to prove in his **Glimpses of the Ages** (12s. net) that the world is at present in the throes of a backward oscillation that will inevitably result in a great social upheaval—in a "general conflagration or a great revolution"—and that the primary cause of these disasters will be our universal "lack of truth." Dr. Scholes discusses and denies the alleged superiority of the whites over the coloured races, physically or mentally, and reserves to a second volume an inquiry into any moral superiority the colourless peoples may seem to have over the coloured. It is a thoughtful and suggestive work, in which great issues are considered very earnestly and with a high seriousness.

The title of Mrs. Hughes-Gibbs' novel, **The Soul of a Villain** (6s.), is not very happily chosen. From it we gather that we are intended to be interested in a man who is saved from his villainy by his faith in the purity and goodness of one woman. In reality the book is simply the story of that woman's sin and its effect upon herself. It is quite probable that a woman with the maternal instincts abnormally developed might sell her soul to save her child—provided that child were in dire need of so terrible a sacrifice. But the idea of any woman doing such a thing because her daughter has been the unconscious recipient of a few paltry attentions from a man whom she (the mother) vaguely mistrusts, seems to us, we must admit, absolutely incredible. Mrs. Hughes-Gibb might, perhaps, have saved her book with a very strong situation which would place the child in some, at any rate, approximately adequate peril. As it stands, the story is unsatisfactory and totally unconvincing. After all, for a good woman to commit a great sin, there must be at least extenuating circumstances.

Reprints and New Editions.

Scholarly care and good, almost severe, taste mark the volumes which come from the Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-on-Avon. In addition to the sumptuous issue of Shakespeare's collected works, which is reaching us volume by volume, we have received a most attractive and satisfying independent volume of **Shakespeare's Sonnets** (7s. 6d. net). In this, Mr. A. H. Bullen, who is giving his thorough and untiring attention to the editing, as well as to the production of the plays and poems, adds a very interesting critical note respecting the interpretations of the later commentators. He gives sincere attention to their views, whether sound or fantastic, appreciates their varied value, and forms his own opinions. Only five hundred and ten copies of this edition are published; they are well and simply bound in linen, beautifully printed on hand-made paper, and are admirably fitted for library or general use.

To the De La More Press reprint of Miss Anne Manning's felicitous little representation of sixteenth century domestic life, **The Household of Sir Thomas More** (1s. 6d. net), Dr. Richard Garnett contributes a most interesting introduction. He discourses pleasantly of various producers of historical fiction, and their styles of production, and approves of Miss Manning's work within its limits. But Dr. Garnett, who sketches for us a somewhat different Thomas More from the man portrayed by his loving daughter (in the fictional diary), warns us that we must not rely upon this gentle history as truth, but must regard it as "a picture of English home life at the momentous period when mediæval civilisation was going out and modern civilisation was coming in." The little narrative, which charmingly suggests the atmosphere of the period, is daintily produced, and contains a frontispiece giving portraits of More's family.

Uncle Tom's Cabin having long ago done its work for slavery, and passed on to a second public as a story-book, has now been whittled into a quite uncontroversial shape for children, by H. E. Marshall. Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack publish it in their exceptionally attractive "Told to the Children" series, and with its clear type, coloured pictures, and pretty binding, it should take another long lease of life, and draw tears and smiles from another generation.

Of all reprints, Messrs. Blackie and Sons' "'Red Letter" series are among the most beautiful. A new volume in the Red Letter Shakespeare is **Henry the Fifth,** with a critical and suggestive introduction by Mr. E. K. Chambers. The latest volume in the "Library" is **A Sixteenth Century Anthology,** edited by Mr. Arthur Symons. Both inside and out these volumes are marvels of good taste and good matter.

The Waistcoat Pocket Edition of **Shakespeare** (1s. net each), with which Messrs. Anthony Treherne and Company are benefitting the English reading world, continues to reach us. With a bulk which can be carried in the palm of a glove, and a clearness of type which could put many an old folio volume to shame, these booklets are a boon to travelling students and Shakespeareans in the hammock.

The "Broadbent Treasuries" are becoming too widely known to need description. The "Festus" Treasury first introduced the series to us, and since then the little anthologies, published by Mr. Albert Broadbent, have won their way to over a hundred thousand readers. The new booklets which have just reached us are **A Russell Lowell Treasury,** and **A Treasury of Love** (3d. each). In the former the editor has sought to carry out the poet's desire of presenting high thoughts in simple words. In the latter the range of Love, from Love of Friends to Love Divine, is beautifully exemplified from the words of various poets.

New Books of the Month.

JULY 10TH TO AUGUST 10TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ABBOTT, LYMAN, D.D.—The Christian Ministry, 5s. net. (Constable)

In the autumn of 1903 a religious census, similar to that made in London by Mr. R. Mudie Smith, was instituted in the borough of Manhattan, New York. Broadly speaking, the result was that one-half of the adult population was found to be church-going as against the third in the case of London. So far from lamenting this result, Dr. Abbott sees in it a remarkable phenomenon, and is prompted to raise the question, Why do people go to church? In the lectures contained in this volume he accordingly deals with the entire question of the function of the Christian ministry. The authority of the Church, its fundamental faiths, its duties to society, the qualifications of its priests, are among the more important subjects treated of here with ample historical knowledge and undoubted literary skill.

CARPENTER, WILLIAM BOYD, D.D., Bishop of Ripon.—The Witness and the Influence of Christ, 4s. 6d. net (Constable)

The six lectures which comprise this volume were delivered in Harvard last year under the W. B. Noble Trust. In his discussion of Christian evidences the author eschews the question of the validity of miracles and prophecy, and narrows his ground to the consideration of the twofold aspects of Christ's influence—the historical fact of that influence and the spiritual fact of His influence in religious experience. "We have heard the witness of the voice without, which has been heard and acknowledged in human history; we have heard the witness of the voice within, which has spoken the prolonged and constant experience of Christian souls; the voice of the Christ of experience has answered back to the voice of the Christ of history."

FITCHETT, REV. W. H.—The Unrealised Logic of Religion, 3s. 6d. ..... (Kelly)

The chapters in this book "are designedly spread over a wide area of topics; they deal with what seem unrelated subjects, and that, the writer ventures to think, constitutes their value. Their aim is to show that when widely separated points in literature, history, science, philosophy, and common life are tried by their relation to religion, they instantly fall into logical terms with it." From this it may be inferred that the author's definition of logic is not of a scholastic order. It may also be inferred that the treatment of the subject is deliberately desultory and popular. The lectures are stimulating and suggestive, and are marked by the incisive Macaulayese which the author has displayed so often in other fields of literature.

GERARD, REV. J.—Modern Freethought, 6d. ..... (Sands)

HAYMES, M. G.—Great Thinkers on Church and State, 6d. net (Daniel)

IRVINE, DAVID.—A Defence of Pessimism, 1s. 6d. net (Watts and Co.)

"LAYMAN, A."—The Church of Christ, $1. (Funk and Wagnalls)

This work comes to us, as we are told on its cover, from

"a distinguished layman." The writer's starting-point is his conviction that much of religious belief is a mere matter of the environment of childhood. Accordingly he attempts to approach the whole question with an open mind and to sift the evidence for Christianity as compared with all its rival faiths. This book gives the result of his investigation and the author's plea for a purified Christianity as the only true religion.

RAY, CHARLES.—A Marvellous Ministry. Story of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, 1855—1905. 1s. net (Passmore and Alabaster)

SAVAGE, MINOT J.—Life's Dark Problems. 6s. ..... (Putnam)

SHARPE, REV. A. B.—The Freedom of the Will, 6d.... (Sands)

WILKINSON, W. C.—Modern Masters of Pulpit Discourse, 6s. (Funk and Wagnalls)

Professor Wilkinson, of Chicago, has gathered together here a number of critical appreciations of many of the greatest preachers of modern times, American and European. The papers were written for the most part while the subjects of them were alive, and the author has wisely made no attempt to conceal this fact, by which, indeed, they gain in vividness. British preachers are represented by Newman, Spurgeon, Liddon, and Alexander Maclaren.

NEW EDITION.

HALL, REV. FRANCIS J., D.D.—The Doctrine of God, 4s. 6d. net ..... (W. Walker)

FICTION.

ANGUS, ORME.—The New Minister, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)

Anon.—The Mother Light, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)

Anon.—Bulbul in Search of a Religion, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Daniel)

BANKS, NANCY HUSTON.—The Little Hills, 6s. (Macmillan)

"BARBARA."—At the Sign of the Fox, 6s. ..... (Macmillan)

BEDDOES, CAPTAIN WILLOUGHBY, R.N.—A Son of Ashur, 3s. 6d. ..... (Sonnenschein)

BINDLOSS, HAROLD.—Alton of Somasco, 6s. ... (John Long)

BRENTFORDE, GEORGE G.—Prince of Tom. Illustrated. By C. Dudley Tennant. 3s. 6d. ..... (John Long)

CAPES, BERNARD.—A Jay of Italy, 6s. ..... (Methuen)

CAPES, BERNARD.—The Romance of Lohengrin. Founded on Wagner's Opera. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (Dean)

CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Saint Elizabeth of London, 6s. (John Long)

COMSTOCK, SETH COOK.—The Rebel Prince, 6s. (John Long)

CORBETT, MRS. GEORGE.—The Marriage Market (Robinson Printing Co.)

In "The Marriage Market" we are given some leaves from the life of a lady of title who finds herself in need of money and decides to act as a society go-between and to make what she can out of it. Her experiences are by no means exhilarating reading. Mrs. George Corbett's story is neither clever nor wholesome. Even the saving grace of humour is conspicuously absent.

CRADDOCK, CHARLES EGBERT.—The Storm Centre, 6s. (Macmillan.)

CROMMELIN, MAY.—The White Lady, 6s. ..... (John Long)

To those who enjoy a purely sensational novel we recommend "The White Lady." May Crommelin knows how to hold the reader's interest, and is never at a loss for exciting scenes and dramatic situations. Of these there are indeed too many, but subtlety of construction is not the author's strong point, and certainly we gain in variety what we lose in intensity. The book is not a very careful piece of work, and will not bear close inspection, but to the credulous and non-critical it will prove very readable.

GOULD, NAT.—One of a Mob, 2s. and 2s. 6d. ... (John Long)

GREENER, WILLIAM.—The Exploits of Jo Salis, 6s. (Hurst and Blackett)

GUNTER, ARCHIBALD CLAVERING.—Phil Conway, 6s. (Ward, Lock)

HEWLETT, MAURICE.—The Fool Errant, 6s.... (Heinemann)

HOCKING, SILAS.—The Conquering Will, 2s. ..... (Warne)

HUGHES-GIBB, MRS.—The Soul of a Villain, 6s. (John Long)

HUME, FERGUS.—The Opal Serpent, 6s. ..... (John Long)

INGLEWOOD, KATHLEEN.—Patmos ... (Gordon and Gotch)

LEYS, JOHN K.—A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing, 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock)

LONG, LOTTIE.—Brought into Subjection, and Other Stories. 3s. 6d net ..... (Daniel)

MARSHALL, H. E.—Uncle Tom's Cabin told to the Children, 1s. 6d. net ..... (T. and E. C. Jack)

MEADE, L. T.—His Mascot, 6s. ..... (John Long)

MUDDOCK, J. E.—Jane Shore, 6s. ..... (John Long)

MUMFORD, ETHEL WATTS.—Whitewash, 6s. (Ward, Lock)

NAPIER OF MAGDALA, LADY.—As the Sparks Fly Upward, 6s. ..... (H. J. Drane)

PORTMAN, LIONEL.—Hugh Rendal: A Public School Story, 6s. ..... (Alston Rivers)

PRAED, MRS. CAMPBELL.—The Maid of the River, 6s. (John Long)

RANGER-GULL, C.—The Harvest of Love, 6s. ... (John Long)

Mr. C. Ranger-Gull has divided his latest novel, "The Harvest of Love," into three parts. The first part is largely taken up with revealing to the reader the hidden wickedness of publishers. Are we never to be allowed to forget that publishers' sins are as balm to Satan's sorrows? No doubt in these early pages we are intended to learn something of the hero's character. He was distinguished and intellectual. He was also very raw and very young. The second part is better. The description of the inhabitants of the little country town and its society is amusing and well done. The third part is rather unnecessarily prolonged, but the end, when it does come, is abrupt and tragic—far too abrupt and too tragic to be true to this life, where between love's sowing and reaping there is nearly always a weary waiting time.

REYNOLDS, MRS. BAILLIE.—The Man who Won, 6s. (Hutchinson)

SUTCLIFFE, HALLIWELL.—Red o' the Feud, 6s. (Werner Laurie)

SWINBURNE, A. C.—Love's Cross-Currents, 6s. net (Chatto)

WARDEN, FLORENCE.—Playing the Knave, 6s. (Werner Laurie)

YORKE, CURTIS.—Alix of the Glen, 6s. ..... (John Long)

NEW EDITIONS.

BEACONSFIELD, EARL OF.—Coningsby. Introduction by the Earl of Iddesleigh. New Pocket Library. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. net ..... (John Lane)

BEHN, APHRA.—The Novels of. Introduction by Ernest A. Baker, B.A. 6s. net ..... (Routledge)

CAMERON, MRS. LOVETT.—Midsummer Madness, 6s. (J. Long)

DICKENS, CHARLES.—Stories from Pickwick. Cameo Classic. 6d. net ..... (Library Press)

Grimm's Popular Stories, 2s. ..... (Frowde)

HOBBES, JOHN OLIVER.—Love and the Soul Hunters, 1s. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)

KINGSLEY, CHARLES.—The Water Babies. Cameo Classic. 6d. net ..... (Library Press)

LAMB, CHARLES and MARY.—Tales from Shakespeare, 2s. (Frowde)

MERRIMAN, H. SETON.—The Slave of the Lamp, 6d. (Newnes)

MUNRO, NEIL.—The Lost Pibroch, 3s. 6d. ..... (Blackwood)

SMOLLETT, TOBIAS.—Ferdinand, Count Fathom. Illustrated Classic Novels. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. net (Hutchinson)

SWIFT, JONATHAN.—Gulliver's Travels, 1d. ..... (Newnes)

THURSTON, KATHERINE CECIL.—John Chilcote, M.P. 6d. ..... (Blackwood)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BALBERNIE, KITTY.—Thoughts and Fancies of a Girl, 2s. (Cassell)

The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, but they very rarely find expression. Some of them have been voiced in this little booklet of verses. As is natural from an author under sixteen years of age, the lighter verses in simple metre are the happiest, but all these little poems reveal a brave, loving, and earnest spirit, and many show true poetic feeling. There is in Miss Kitty Balbernie's little volume a sadly premature knowledge of the firstfruits of suffering which lends it unique pathos. Truly some souls early

"Have passed through sorrow, and in pain;
Baptised with tears have learned to trust again!"

DRUMMOND, W. H.—The Voyageur.

FOLLIOTT, THOMAS.—A Bridge of Hope, 2s. net ... (Fifield)

"A Bridge of Hope" is the title of a charming little volume of poems by Mr. Thomas Folliott. This author has, in his own words,

"A heart
Which must seek beauty's spirit or must die."

His verses are full of a deep yearning after whatsoever things are pure, and a wide sympathy with all who seek truth.

"The sacred chamber of each breast doth own
Its right to priesthood; and the world without
Should hold in reverence secret rites performed
At the high ritual of Spirit's need."

These seven poems reveal much thought and considerable poetic feeling. More than this, their author has sought

"Strength to teach on every hand
Up-buoying Hope amid earth's human sighs."

HENNELL, T. B.—Random Verses ..... (Mathew, Dundee)

HOPE, LAURENCE.—Indian Love, 5s. net ..... (Heinemann)

Love, A Treasury of. Selected by Albert Broadbent. 3d. (Broadbent)

Lowell Treasury, A Russell. Selected by Albert Broadbent. 3d. ..... (Broadbent)

PURDON, LILIAN FRANCES.—Persephone: A Play for Girls. 1s. 6d. net ..... (T. Burleigh)

SANDS, H. HAYDEN.—The Valley of Dreams... (T. N. Foulis)

Such a perfectly got-up book as this little volume of poems is a source of much joy to the artistic nature. Mr. Hayden Sands' verse is soft, melodious, and pensive, but everywhere the same persistent note of melancholy is heard. His lines leave a haunting, clinging sadness. Are they perhaps touched by the withering breath of fatalism? The illustrations by Adolph de'Nesh bear the charm of a quaint originality. They are imaginative, graceful, and restrained.

SYMONS, ARTHUR.—A Sixteenth Century Anthology. Red Letter Library. 1s. 6d. net, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Blackie)

NEW EDITIONS.

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. First Edition. 6d.... (Macmillan)

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Second Edition. 6d. net (Macmillan)

SHAKESPEARE.—Twelfth Night and Julius Cæsar. Pocket Shakespeare. 1s. net ..... (Treherne)

SHAKESPEARE.—Henry the Fifth. Red Letter Shakespeare. (Blackie)

SMEATON, OLIPHANT.—Peele's Arraignment of Paris. Temple Dramatists. 1s. net ..... (Dent)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

BARNES, J. ANTHONY.—Arthur Moorhouse: Memoirs and Aftermath.

BROOKE, LORD.—An Eye-Witness in Manchuria, 7s. 6d. (Eveleigh Nash)

FYVIE, JOHN.—Some Famous Women of Wit and Beauty. A Georgian Galaxy. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net (Constable)

MAXWELL-SCOTT, HON. MRS.—Joan of Arc, 2s. 6d. net (Sands)

A paper by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, which formerly appeared in "The Nineteenth Century and After," has now been issued in book form. It is a record of Joan of Arc's life from her quiet early days at Domrémy to her tragic death at Rouen. The story of the Maid of Orleans must ever be full of fascination and interest. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott's paper is clear, concise, and sympathetic. A word of praise is due to the dainty appearance of this pretty little volume.

MORGAN, H. J.—Canadian Life in Town and Country. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Newnes)

MOULD, RICHARD W.—Southwark Men of Mark, 1s. (Bowers, Southwark)

SMART, J. S.—James Macpherson: An Episode in Literature. (Nutt)

SMITH, F. BERKELEY.—Parisians Out of Doors. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (Funk and Wagnalls)

WHERRY, ALBINIA.—Daniel Defoe. Miniature Series of Great Writers. 1s. net ..... (Bell)

ZILLIACUS, KONNI.—The Russion Revolutionary Movement. Translated. 7s. 6d. net ..... (Alston Rivers)

NEW EDITIONS.

BURTON, J. H.—History of Scotland. Vol. IV. 2s. 6d. net (Blackwood)

Cary, Memoirs of Robert, Earl of Monmouth. Edited by G. H. Powell. King's Classics. 1s. 6d. net (De la More Press)

MANNING, ANNE.—The Household of Sir Thomas More. Introduction by Richard Garnett. King's Novels. 1s. 6d. net ..... (De la More Press)

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL, AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

Arithmetic, The Primary. Part I. Tutorial Series. With or Without Answers. ..... (University Tutorial Press)

BROWN, G. BALDWIN, M.A.—William Hogarth. Illustrated. Makers of British Art. 3s. 6d. net..... (Walter Scott)

This is a delightful volume, appealing equally to lovers of literature and art. The reproductions of the famous pictures, though they lose much by the smallness of the page, are yet wonderfully clear and perfectly adequate either as an introduction to the works of Hogarth or as an accompaniment to Professor Baldwin Brown's excellent commentary. The whole of the criticism is refreshingly original, and is informed with enthusiasm as well as knowledge. Professor Baldwin Brown not only writes with the authority of a connoisseur, but he manifests at the same time a deep and intimate knowledge of the literary history and topography of London in the eighteenth century.

FLETCHER, BANISTER F., F.R.I.B.A.—Architecture and its Place in a Liberal Education, 1s. net ..... (Batsford)

This pamphlet is a reprint of a University Extension lecture. For the purpose of its origin it could hardly be bettered. It is comprehensive, instructive, and interesting, and it retains all these qualities to the full in its printed form. In valuable notes at the end there is given a classified list of London buildings exemplifying different styles and periods.

HATCH, F. H., Ph.D., and G. S. CORSTORPHINE, B.Sc.—The Geology of South Africa. Maps and Illustrations. 21s. net ..... (Macmillan)

"Home Counties": How to Build or Buy a Country Cottage and Fit it up. Illustrated. Introduction by Henry Norman, M.P. 6s. net ..... (Heinemann)

HUSBAND, T. F. and M. F. A.—Punctuation: Its Principles and Practice. 2s. 6d. ..... (Routledge)

This little book is divided into two parts. The one traces the history of punctuation from early manuscripts down to the first printing presses, and goes on to give a brief synopsis of the leading books written on punctuation from Ben Jonson downwards. The second half deals with the marks separately, and by analysing passages endeavours to show both negatively and positively what is the correct usage.

MENPES, MORTIMER and DOROTHY.—Brittany, Painted and Described, 20s. net ..... (Black)

MOUL, DUNCAN, and R. H. ERNEST HILL, A.R.I.B.A.—Picturesque Essex ..... (F. Robinson)

THONGER, CHARLES.—The Book of Garden Design. Handbooks of Practical Gardening Series. 2s. 6d. net (John Lane)

YATES, M. T.—The Homeland Readers. Surrey. Book I. 1s. net ..... (Rudd and Co.)

NEW EDITIONS.

HAMILTON, T. F. W., and W. HODGSON.—Reigate and Redhill. Homeland Handbook. 6d. net (22, Bride Lane, E.C.)

MAISTRE, X. DE.—Voyage Autour de ma Chambre, 8d. net (Treherne)

DE SEVIGNE.—Lettres Choisies. Nos. 1 and 2. Little Library of French Classics. 3d. net each... (Treherne)

MISCELLANEOUS.

BROWN, M. HARRIETTE.—To those about to Marry: Don't! 1s. net ..... (A. Gardner, Paisley)

The import of this little book is made clear only by the addition of the sub-title, "Without a Practical Guide." This book is the practical guide which is designed to remove Mr. Punch's veto on matrimony. Those about to marry will find in it much pithy and excellent advice on such matters as the choice and furnishing of a house, on weddings, dress, starching, washing, ironing, and spring cleaning. There is nothing romantic in the book.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Told to the Children. 1s. 6d. net (T. and E. C. Jack)

COTTON, JOHN HYNDE.—Fables and Things Fabulous, 1s. net ..... (Daniel)

HALIBURTON, HUGH.—Excursions in Prose and Verse, 4s. 6d. net ..... (G. A. Morton)

KELMAN, REV. JOHN, M.A.—The Interpreter's House, 6d. net ..... (Oliphant, Anderson)

This brochure consists of a lecture delivered in Edinburgh on the ideals embodied in the Outlook Tower, the well-known building on the Castle Hill where many of Professor Patrick Geddes's educational ideals have been given concrete shape. In olden times the building known as Short's Observatory was famous chiefly for its camera obscura. Now it contains everything that can be done by maps, charts, and apparatus to further the intelligent teaching of history and geography in the widest sense of these terms.

M. C. C.—Cricket on the Brain, 11d. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)

Publisher's Confession, A. 2s. net ..... (Gay and Bird)

SCHOLES, THEO. E. S.—Glimpses of the Ages, 12s. net (John Long)

SWAN, H.—In Praise of Books, 1s. net ..... (Routledge)

This is a dainty and acceptable addition to Messrs. Routledge's Miniature Reference Library, a series which bids fair to be of the greatest service to all readers and writers. The authors are arranged chronologically, and are thoroughly representative of cosmopolitan literature. The book is an admirable supplement to any dictionary of quotations.

NEW EDITIONS.

COBBE, FRANCES POWER.—The Duties of Women, 2s. 6d. (Sonnenschein)

Emerson, The Works of Ralph Waldo. Vol. V. York Library. 2s. net ..... (Bell)

NITOBE, INAZO.—Bushido, the Soul of Japan, 5s. net (Putnam)

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the
Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

SEPTEMBER, 1905.